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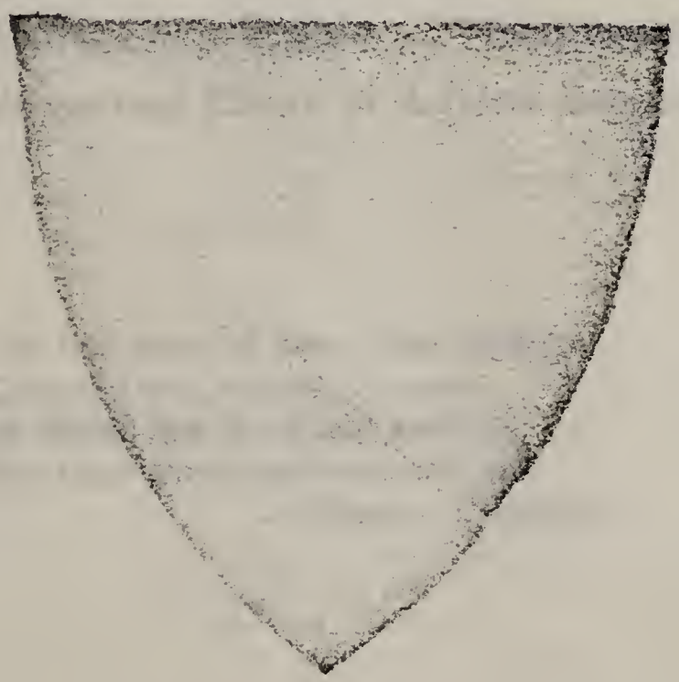
William Throop and Adrian Scrope

The Family Tradition



SCROPE

William Throope and Adrian Scrope

The Family Tradition — History of the Scrope Family and the Barony of Bolton — Bolton Castle — Proceedings at the Trial of Adrian Scrope — The Regicides and the Ancestral Chart of Adrian Scrope

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We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny:
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthright—so will we.
—Thomas Campbell.

RESEARCH AND NARRATIVE

By

EVELYN FISH KNUDSON[9]

Privately Printed, 1943

By

ADDISON JAMES THROOP[8] AND DAN ADDISON THROOP[9]

East St. Louis, Illinois

1687312

TO THE MEMORY OF

ELEANOR (SWEET) FISH[8]
1862 - 1900

William Mason Sweet[7], Abigail (Throop) Sweet[6],
Dan Throop IV[5], Dan III[4], Dan II[3] Dan I[2]
William[1]

and

JAMES ADDISON THROOP[7]
1835 - 1923

George Addison[6], Dan IV[5], Dan III[4], Dan II[3], Dan I[2]
William[1]

—E. F. K.[9]
—A. J. T.[8]

BOLTON CASTLE

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WILLIAM THROOPE AND ADRIAN SCROPE

CHAPTER I

The Family Tradition

There is a tradition in the Throop family—a curiosity provoking tradition—that has sent many of us poking and nosing about among old histories and records. In its most commonly accepted form, this tradition holds that William Throope, progenitor of the Throop family in America, was in reality a son of Colonel Adrian Scrope, one of the commissioners of the High Court of Justice who tried and sentenced King Charles I of England. At the time of the restoration of the monarchy, Colonel Adrian Scrope was "excepted out of the act of indemnity as an unrepentent regicide," and was one of those ten brave men who were executed at Charing Cross in October of 1660. The family tradition goes on to say that his son, "feeling insecure in his person and property, escaped to America and changed his name to William Throope."

Winchester Fitch, in an article entitled "The Throope Family and the Scrope Tradition," in Volumes 36 and 37 of the New York Genealogical & Biographical Record, comments at length on this tradition; and in Volume 22 of Americana, page 510, it is said:

"While no actual and incontrovertible proof exists of the fact that William Throope, founder of the American family of that name, was the son of Adrian Scrope, one of the regicide judges of Charles I, tradition has long affirmed it and every evidence substantiates it."

The urge to find out more about Colonel Scrope and his family has been strong and persistent. The trail, full of the most exciting discoveries, has led on and on, through those "days of old when knights were bold and barons held their sway," into the very mists of antiquity.

CHAPTER II

Before the Conquest

In searching for the origin of the name Scrope, I came across some fragmentary but very interesting scraps of information which would lead one to believe that there might have been Scropes in England before the time of Edward the Confessor, who reigned from 1042 to 1066. Flavell Edmunds, in his "Traces of History in the Names of Places," has this to say:

"Scroo, Scroop, Scrop, Scru—Old English or Danish from Scroop, the lord's name. Ex.: Scroo-by (Notts.), Scroop's abode; Scrop-ton (Derb.); Scru-ton (Yorks.) Scroop's town."

He also says:

"The place names which are undoubtedly Norse preserve the memory of many otherwise unknown rovers, e. g.: Scrop, whence Scrope and Scroop."

Flavell Edmunds is one of a number of authorities on the origin of surnames who think that the town of Scrooby

derived its name from a man named Scrope, or some variation of that name. But if it did, there must have been Scropes in England long before the time of Edward the Confessor, because an old Nottinghamshire Charter of the year 958 names "Skroppenhorp." The name of this town, after being in a fluid state for some time and passing through several variations, finally congealed as "Scrooby." This is especially interesting to those of the family who are Mayflower descendants, because the little Scrooby congregation was the nucleus of the Pilgrim band.

One book on the origin of names says that "Skroppi" was an old Norse nickname.

Writing about the Scrope family in his book on the Scrope-Grosvenor trial (which will be taken up later on at more length), Sir N. Harris Nicolas, K. H., says:

> "Doubts have been entertained whether it (the Scrope family) was of Norman or Saxon origin; but the little evidence which is extant on the subject justifies the opinion that the first person **who is recorded** to have borne the name of Scrope, was a native of Normandy."

He goes on to say that there was an influx of Normans at the time of Edward the Confessor; and, checking up on our history, we find that Edward the Confessor spent a good part of his life in exile in Normandy, and when he came back to England after the death of Hardicanute, to take his place on the English throne in 1042, many of his Norman friends came with him; and historians of the period of Edward the Confessor say that Richard Scrupe was one of the King's foreign favorites, and held various manors in England.

The Normans (northmen) were Scandinavian rovers and vikings who went into northern France with Rolf, the Ganger, so-called because he could not find a horse big enough for him, and so had to "gang" or walk. Rolf, the Ganger, and his followers invaded France in the year 912, and it was not much more than fifty years later that the

Duke of Normandy became a loyal dependant of the King of France, and the Normans, Christians.

Edward A. Freeman, in his "History of the Norman Conquest," says that Richard, son of Scrob (Scrope), had received a grant of lands in Herefordshire, and built a castle there. The castle has vanished, but the parish in which it stood is still known as "Richard's Castle." The Normans, and their habit of building castles, were very unpopular with the Saxons, and when Earl Godwin became strong enough to demand his rights, one of the conditions he imposed was that the Normans be banished. For some reason, Richard, son of Scrob, was allowed to remain. His son, Osborn, however, together with other Norman exiles, fled to Scotland and was favorably received by Macbeth. He was allowed to return later and held lands and offices in Herefordshire.

These early Scropes carried a badge showing a ducal coronet out of the middle of which rose the two large, uplifted pincer claws of a crab. There is a picture of this badge in the second volume of Sir N. Harris Nicolas' work on the Scrope-Grosvenor trial. James Hamilton Wylie, in his book, "A History of England under Henry IV," also speaks of this ancient badge of the Scropes, and says that the name originally meant "crab."

CHAPTER III

Wensleydale

The branch of the Scrope family from which Adrian Scrope is descended was settled in Yorkshire, England, at least as early as 1198, as one Robert Le Scrope held a knight's fee in Yorkshire at that time, and Sir N. Harris Nicolas calls him one of the ancestors of the Bolton branch of the Scrope family.

They lived in the valley of the Ure River, called Wensleydale, and their burial place was St. Agatha's Abbey, at Easby, near Richmond, sometimes referred to as Easby Abbey.

If you really want to feel the spell of old Yorkshire, I recommend that you read "Highways and Byways of Yorkshire," by Arthur H. Norway. This is what he says of Easby Abbey:

> "Here, where one grey stone crops up out of the fresh turf, must have been the springing of the arches at the entrance of the choir; and a few steps further on, shorn of all the pomp of stone and heraldry which marked them, lies undoubtedly the dust of many a knight of that great family of Scrope which gave to England freely generation after generation warriors and statesmen who take rank among the noblest in our history. 'Above the choir,' said the Abbot of Easby, nearly two hundred years before the dissolution, above the choir it was that Sir Henry Le Scrope lay buried 'under high stones, and upon the stone a knight graven of stone and painted with the arms azure, a bend or, while near him lay Sir William Le Scrope on a high tomb, all armed, and many others of their lineage were buried under flat stones, and upon the same stones are flatly graven their images for sculptures with the arms.' "

Further on, he says:

> "Over the hills from Bolton must have come many a long funeral train, led by the white canons of St. Agatha, winding down the long dale (Wensleydale) till it reached this ancient house of God, where for many a day the canons sang 'messe, placebo, and dirgie, and messe of requiem,' both for the soul of the last comer into the haven of their church, and for those of his ancestors who had attained that port before him, while in the great castle away across the hills other Scropes, looking forward to the future of their house, foresaw no time when that splendid refuge should not be open to receive their dust."

In the year 1286 the Manor of West Bolton was held by Sir William Le Scrope, Knight. He married Constance, daughter and heir of Thomas, son of Gillo, of Neusam Upon Tees. In 1294 he was Bailiff of Richmond. He was reputed to have been the best knight in the county at jousts and tournaments. He was living in 1303, but we do not have the dates of his birth or death. He had two sons who at various times held the position of Chief Justice of the King's Bench. One of them was Sir Henry, father of the first Baron of Bolton; the other was Sir Geoffrey, father of the first Baron of Masham.

Of these two sons, Sir Henry was a Knight-Banneret. Between the years 1308 and 1333 he served as Judge and Chief Justice of Common Pleas, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He married Margaret, daughter of Lord Roos of Kendal. He died about 1336 and is buried at St. Agatha's Abbey.

CHAPTER IV

Sir Richard Le Scrope, First Baron of Bolton

Sir Richard Le Scrope, who became First Baron of Bolton by writ, was born about 1328. Like most boys of his time, he was taught knighthood. At an early age "he attached himself" to John of Gaunt and served him loyally and faithfully for many years. He married Blanche De Norwich or Blanche De La Pole.

In 1359-60, King Edward III, his four sons and the English army invaded France in a campaign which was "planned as a sort of gigantic picnic." Sir Richard Le Scrope was a member of this expedition, as was also the poet Chaucer, who at that time was just a soldier. I

found a very interesting description of this foray in a book on Chaucer written by John Matthews Manly of the University of Chicago. He says:

> "If Chaucer watched the disembarkation at Calais, he would have seen from six to eight thousand carts, each drawn by four horses, loaded with tents, mills for grinding wheat, ovens, forges, small leather boats to go fishing in, and all sorts of food and luxuries. There were no less than forty falconers with their hawks, thirty couples of hunting dogs, and as many for coursing, provided for the royal family, and most of the noblemen brought hawks and hounds. The baggage train is said to have been six miles long on the narrow road, where five hundred men had to go in advance to cut away the thorns and bushes.
>
> "But from the first it rained dismally. Along the sodden roads the small army with its great burden of baggage traveled often less than ten miles a day. The king and his nobles feasted on the good things they had brought with them; but the common soldiers almost starved, for the French had fled to the castles with their provisions.
>
> "As the army advanced through northern France, there were no battles, but there were continual skirmishes between small parties of French and English, some of them very picturesque. In the neighborhood of Rheims, the king and the princes settled for a time and rode about foraging and pillaging as they could. In one such foray, on the town of Rethel, near Rheims, Chaucer was taken prisoner. He was ransomed about March 1, 1360, the king contributing about $2,400 toward his ransom. Whether this was the full amount paid there is nothing to show."

When Richard II became king in 1377, Sir Richard Le Scrope was appointed Steward of the Household, through the influence of John of Gaunt, who was the king's uncle, and in 1378 he became Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal.

Arthur Norway says that Sir Richard Le Scrope was "a stout and faithful counsellor, too sturdy and true for the poor foolish king."

"For when certain greedy courtiers persuaded the King to grant them the rents of certain lands of deceased persons during the time for which, according to the custom of the realm, the King should hold them, Scrope refused to issue grants under the Great Seal and sent the courtiers away empty handed. So they went back to the King—the story is in Walsingham—and bade him mark how the chancellor had set his heart to make light the King's order, and that it became him to suppress such heady disobedience, else his kingly honour would be stained, and his orders would not weigh with anyone. The King sent a messenger to Scrope, with orders to take the Great Seal away and bring it back to him. But the messenger returned empty handed to the King; and at last when others with the same order were dispatched, the chancellor replied: 'I am ready to resign the seal, not to you, but to him who gave it me to keep, and between him and me there shall be no intermediary, but I will give it back into his own hands.' And so, seeking out the King, he gave up the seal; 'and the King,' adds Walsingham, 'having got the seal in his own hands, did just what he liked for a long time.' "

In 1382, the year after the bloody Wat Tyler rebellion, dissatisfaction and grumbling against the extravagance and high-handedness of the king had become so general that Sir Richard Le Scrope thought it best to reprove the young king and remonstrate with him, but he was dismissed for his pains.

It was in 1377 that Sir Richard Le Scrope lodged a complaint against Sir William de Bowes and others, saying that they had broken into his Yorkshire "parks," had hunted therein without his permission, carried away his game, and assaulted and imprisoned his servants, and he requested permission to fortify his manor house at Bolton. The license was granted and is dated July 4, 1379. When he had finished "fortifying his manor," it had become transformed into that grim fortress still standing on the hillside of the Ure valley, known as Bolton Castle.

In 1385 Sir Richard Le Scrope challenged the right of Sir Robert Grosvenor to bear the shield that the Scropes claimed as exclusively their own. It was a shield with a field of azure and a gold band running diagonally across it. Many famous personages of that time testified at the trial, among them Chaucer and John of Gaunt. Chaucer testified that he had seen Sir Richard and Sir Henry Scrope bearing these arms at the battle of Rethel, where he himself was captured, and he related a conversation he had with a man in London. These are Chaucer's own words:

> "Once, on Friday Street, in London, as I was going along the street, I saw a new sign hanging out, made with these arms, and I asked what inn it was that had hung out these arms of Scrope. And somebody answered me and said: 'No, sir, they are not hung out as the arms of Scrope, or painted there for those arms; but they are painted and put there for a Knight of Cheshire who is called Sir Robert Grosvenor.' And that was the first time I ever heard tell of Sir Robert Grosvenor or of his ancestors or of any other bearing the name of Grosvenor."

This famous law suit, in which most of the distinguished men of the day were called to testify, lasted almost five years and was decided in Sir Richard's favor, as the preponderance of the evidence showed that his ancestors had borne this shield continually since the Conquest.

The oldest son of Sir Richard was William, and he would in due course have become Second Baron of Bolton. However, he was offered a fatter and juicier plum—the Earldom of Wiltshire, which carried with it the right to wear a kingly crown in the Isle of Man.

King Richard II, vain, foolish, extravagant young man, who paid no heed to advice and warnings about rising discontent at home, decided, in 1399, to invade Ireland. While he was away, Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, came over from France to claim the rights of which he had been fraudulently deprived by Richard, the king.

He found many malcontents ready to rally to his standard. However, William Le Scrope, Earl of Wilts, and two other noblemen, who were all loyal to King Richard, took the young ten-year-old queen to Bristol Castle and defied Henry. The castle was besieged and after four days had to surrender. The Earl of Wilts and the other noblemen were taken to the center of the town, where there then stood a large cross, and promptly executed. When King Richard returned from Ireland he was forced to renounce the throne in favor of Henry, and his fate remains a mystery, although some historians say he starved to death in Pontefract Castle.

The second son of Sir Richard Le Scrope was Roger, and it was to him that Sir Richard left his titles and estates. However, Sir Roger, Second Baron of Bolton, did not live very long to enjoy them; his father died in May, 1403, and Sir Roger just six months later.

The third son of Sir Richard, First Baron, was Stephen, who went to Ireland as a Deputy Lieutenant, where he fell a victim to the pestilence that was ravaging Ireland at that time, and died in 1408.

Sir Richard, First Baron, had held the wardship of the daughters of Sir Robert, Third Baron Tiptoft, or Tibetot, and, being a man of foresight and thrift, he married Margaret to his son Roger, and Millicent to his son Stephen. Four months after the death of Stephen in Ireland, his widow Millicent married Sir John Fastolf, who was then serving as a squire in Ireland. Stephen Le Scrope left a young son, also named Stephen, who became the ward of Sir John Fastolf and had rather an unhappy time of it. Wardships in those days were good negotiable securities, and both wardships and marriages were bought and sold like so much merchandise. In some old medieval letters called "The Paston Letters," Stephen Scrope is quoted as saying of his step-father: "He bought and sold me like a beast."

This same Stephen Scrope was evidently being considered as a prospective husband by a young lady who writes to her cousin that she doesn't think she ought to forsake Scrope unless a better opportunity presents itself, "nowithstandyng it is told hir his person is symple," because Sir Harry Ynglows "is right busy about Scrope for one of his daughters." I take it, however, that she strongly hopes some better prospect will turn up. Stephen Scrope did not marry this young lady, but married the daughter of one Richard Bingham, who later on wrote to Sir John Fastolf asking for an allowance for Stephen Scrope because he (Scrope) was in "grete misere for verrey povert." This Stephen Scrope is undoubtedly the one who is quoted as saying in a letter to one of his correspondents: "For very need (of poverty) I was fain to sell a little daughter I have for much less than I should have done by possibility"—meaning less than the fair market price. This seems a hard-hearted procedure, but wardships and marriages were expected to yield revenue, and children did as they were told.

CHAPTER V

Bolton Castle

The license to crenelate or fortify his manor house at Bolton was granted to Sir Richard Scrope, First Baron of Bolton, July 4, 1379. It was eighteen years in the building and cost a fabulous sum of money, but Sir Richard lived to see it completed and stocked with a garrison of priests, chaplains and armed retainers. Sir Richard did not spend a great deal of time there during his later years; he seemed to prefer his London house opposite St. Andrews in Holborn, or his manor of Pishobury, near Sawbridge-

worth in Hertfordshire. However, upon his death, his body was taken for burial to the last resting place of his ancestors at St. Agatha's Abbey.

The specifications and quantities for the building of Bolton Castle are still extant in an agreement with John Lewyn, the builder.

John Timbs, in his "Abbeys, Castles and Ancient Halls of England and Wales," says that a chest of ancient documents relating to Bolton Castle, dating from the period of its foundation, is preserved at Bolton Hall, Yorkshire.

A man who visited the castle in Henry VIII's time says that most of the timber used in building the castle was "fetched out of the forest of Engleby in Cumberland, and Richard Lord Scrope for conveyance of it, had laid by the way divers draughts of oxen to carry it from place to place till it came to Bolton." No wonder it was eighteen years "a-making!"

Most books on Yorkshire contain a description of Bolton Castle, and many of them show pictures of it. Its chief claim to distinction seems to be that it was one of the prisons of Mary, Queen of Scots. I know that I cannot write as interestingly about it as Edmund B. D'Auvergne does in his book, "The English Castles," so I am going to quote what he says:

> "The castle thus built stands on a rocky site at the head of the village street. There are traces of a moat on the west side. The building forms a single quadrangular block, measuring 187 feet on the north, 125 feet on the east, 184 feet on the south, and 131 feet on the west. The battlements have crumbled away and the tower at the northeast angle was brought down by the fires of the Parliamentarians in 1649. But the three other rectangular corner towers, 95 feet high, are still standing, and the walls, 7 to 10 feet thick, are intact. In the middle of the southern curtain is a square latrine tower. Beneath a corresponding projection on the north side is a narrow dungeon hewn in the rock, with a staple to which the captives were chained. The

court is entered on the east by a flight of steps and an arched gateway, which could be closed by a portcullis. By an arrangement peculiar to Bolton, all the entrances from the interior into the court were similarly defended. The domestic buildings on each side of the quadrangle are original and in good repair, but they have been sadly transmogrified by having been converted into tenements for labourers and others. The ground floors are vaulted over, and in the towers, the storeys above also. The upper rooms had wooden floors and flat roofs. There was no want of fire-places and other conveniences. Half the length of the court is occupied on the north side by the hall, which is on the first floor and lighted by three windows on each side in the late Decorated style. It is entered by a passage and stair in the northwest tower. Opposite is a smaller hall or dining room. Parker remarks on the absence of seats in the window-sills. Leland was struck by the form of the chimneys. He writes: 'One thing I much noted in the Haulle of Bolton, how chimneys were conveyed by tunnells made on the sydes of the wauls, betwixt the lights in the Haull; and by this means, and by no covers (louvres?) is the smoke of the Harth in the Hawle wonder strangely conveyed.' This passage is thought to have referred to some possibly ingenious contrivances of pipes or tubes, of which all trace has disappeared. The old antiquary also thinks fit to mention 'a very faire Cloke (clock) at Bolton cum motu solis et lunae and other conclusyons.'

"The absence of a chapel is explained by the castle being in the immediate neighborhood of what is now the parish church. It was there, according to Froude, that Mary, Queen of Scots, during her captivity attended the services of the Church of England, and affected to be inclined towards the Protestant doctrines. The unhappy queen had been brought here from Carlisle on the 15th of July, 1568, attended by a numerous retinue. She was placed in charge of Sir Francis Knollys and Lord Scrope (Sir Henry, Ninth Baron of Bolton), the owner of the castle, whose wife was the sister of the Duke of Norfolk. The royal captive was allotted a room in the southwest tower, where she carved her name with a diamond on a pane of glass, which was unfortunately shattered when being removed.

"However well appointed the castle may have been in Henry VIII's time, the accommodation was now far from befitting a guest of such rank, and Sir George Bowes had to lend the chatelaine furniture and bed-linen, while kitchen utensils had to be sent down from London. When Mary asked that her scanty wardrobe might be replenished, Elizabeth sent her a couple of torn shifts, two pieces of black velvet, and two pairs of shoes—an act of scurvy stinginess for which Knollys felt called upon to apologise. The windows were doubly secured and guard kept by two hundred men from Berwick, so devoted to their queen that they were prepared to kill their captive rather than let her escape. Mary declared that she would neglect no opportunity of regaining her liberty. She is said to have let herself down from a window on one occasion, and to have got as far as the gap on Leybourne Shaw, where she was overtaken and brought back. She won over to her cause Lady Scrope, who acted as intermediary between her and the Duke of Norfolk. Meanwhile messengers and ambassadors were unceasingly making their way across the wolds, backwards and forwards, between the castle and York and Westminster, where the English and Scots commissioners sat in conference.

"Finally, in February, 1569, Sir Francis Knollys was ordered without delay, and without regard to the inclemency of the weather, to conduct his captive to Tutbury in Staffordshire. There the queen found no such sympathetic gaolers as the Scropes, but instead the harsh and gloomy Lord and Lady Shrewsbury."

CHAPTER VI

Richard Scrope, Archbishop of York

No chronicle of the Scrope family would be complete without the story of Richard Scrope, Archbishop of York. There seems to be some difference of opinion as to which branch of the family he belonged, whether the Bolton or the Masham branch; but, as in either case his great-grand-

father was Sir William Le Scrope, Bailiff of Richmond in the time of Edward I, I do not think we need to quibble. He left no descendants, so the genealogists will not bicker about his immediate forebears.

He was born about 1346 and was said to have been a scholar in arts at Oxford and a student of law at Cambridge. He had a very colorful and eventful career, including several journeys to Rome, before he finally became Archbishop of York in 1398. He was commonly spoken of as "the mild and saintly Archbishop of York, beloved of his Yorkshire flock."

Although he and the Archbishop of Canterbury had officiated at the coronation of Henry IV, he was one of those who became greatly indignant and dissatisfied at the way Henry IV ruled England. In 1405 the Percies, a powerful Yorkshire family—the same family, by the way, to whom Henry Percy "Hotspur" belonged—declared that they had throned Lancaster (Henry IV), but that they would disenthrone him because he took too many taxes and ruled worse than Richard did. Archbishop Scrope stood up in his pulpit and preached a fiery sermon against the king, saying that no one had a right to rule England as he was doing. Then the Archbishop put on his armour and joined the rebellion against the king. King Henry's third son, John, by a pretended agreement, tricked the leaders of the rebellion into disbanding and he then apprehended them near York on May 29, 1405. When the king arrived "he was in no mood for mercy and ordered the captives executed." Gascoign, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench at that time, refused to sanction the execution of the Archbishop, as he said only the Church had jurisdiction over a prelate. Henry IV insisted, however, on the immediate execution of the Archbishop, the Earl Marshal and a young relative of the Archbishop, Sir William Plumpton (whose mother was a Scrope).

For the remainder of the story of the Archbishop I am going to follow quite closely the wording of James Hamilton Wylie in his "History of England Under Henry the Fourth."

> "When the Archbishop was sentenced he showed no signs of penitence. He protested that he had meant no harm against the realm or the person of the King, and turning to the by-standers he called on them repeatedly to pray that God would not take vengeance for his death on King Henry and his house."
>
> "The Archbishop prepared with fitting dignity to take a last farewell of the world. He asked to be allowed to ride to his death dressed in his linen rochet (cloak) and carrying his crozier in his hand, but this was refused, and he was brought out in a scarlet chymer with a violet hood drooped over his shoulders. A collier's sorry mare, not worth a mail (small sum of money) was fetched; the Archbishop thanked them for the mount and rode bareback, with a halter for a bridle, amidst a dense throng, out on the road to York."

When the two younger men showed signs of giving way the Archbishop maintained his composure and told them that the death pains would be but for a moment and that they would die in the cause of justice.

> "Catching sight of an old acquaintance on the road, John Malvern, the king's physician and mire (surgeon), he rallied him gaily, saying: 'I shall need no more physic from you now, Master John.' 'Perhaps not for the body,' said the leech, who was a 'professor of truth' as well as a master of physic, 'but you will need it for your soul.' 'Come, sir,' said the Archbishop, 'and watch me die, and if you see aught against the truth, I bow to your correction.' "

The two younger men were executed first while the Archbishop stood by and prayed. Then speaking to those near, he said:

> " 'I die for the laws and the good government of England.' He then removed his hood and coif and laid them on the ground. Turning to the headsman he bade

him deal five blows at his neck in memory of the five sacred wounds, kissed him three times and kneeled for a moment in prayer. Then folding his arms across his breast he stretched out his neck and 'took his death with full good will.' A faint smile still played on the features when his head fell at the fifth stroke, and the body rolled over on its right side. He died, 'as some think, a worthy and a lovely martyrdom.' "

"His head and mangled trunk were lifted tenderly by four of the vicars-choral and carried to the minster. There they were lapped in lead without a winding sheet, placed in an outer shell of 'strong oak, well put together with nails,' and lowered to their last rest behind the farthest column in the 'new work' beside St. Stephen's altar. Few or none followed the dead man to his grave. Such as there were stood by in fear and silence as the ground closed over him, in the gaunt unfinished choir beneath the great east window, stretched with flapping canvas to keep out the rain and the birds."

The tomb of the Archbishop became a national shrine for the faithful and many miracles were said to have been performed there. This was the first time that a king had dared to execute an archbishop and many people were shocked by it, so that when King Henry's face became disfigured by an unsightly eruption, people said it was a judgment of Heaven on him for his execution of the Archbishop.

A story told of King Henry IV is that after the execution of the Archbishop he sent a messenger to the Pope with the Archbishop's armour and these words of Joseph's brothers: "This we have found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." (Genesis 37:32.) This pope was Innocent VII, and although he was too weak to avenge the death of his archbishop, he did issue a temporary sentence of excommunication against all who had been concerned in his death.

CHAPTER VII

More About the Scrope Family

Another Scrope who was executed for political reasons was Sir Henry, Third Baron Scrope of Masham. He was one of Henry V's most intimate friends and was employed by him on many diplomatic errands. However, he was implicated with others in a plot to assassinate the king, their object being to restore Richard II, or, if they could not succeed in that, to enthrone his heir, the Earl of March. The principals were said to have been Sir Thomas Gray, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, and Henry Lord Scrope of Masham. "The wretched March, to whom they confided their secret, was so afflicted by scruples that he unburdened himself to the king, thereby earning forgiveness for himself, but the three conspirators were speedily arrested and put to death as traitors." ("Cambridge Medieval History.") Some authorities say the guilt of Sir Henry is doubtful, but he was convicted by his peers and was put to death outside the north gate of Southampton.

* * * * *

And now to get back to the ancestors of Adrian Scrope, after our digressions.

The son and heir of Sir Roger, Second Baron of Bolton, was Sir Richard Scrope, born May 31, 1393. He married Margaret, daughter of Ralph De Nevill, First Earl of Westmoreland, and his first wife. The De Nevills were a powerful and prominent family, and I remember reading in one history that Ralph De Nevill had twenty-four children whom he maneuvered into marriages greatly to his own advancement and advantage.

It is certainly worth noting that the wives of the Bolton Barons were all from powerful influential families, who figured prominently in the affairs and politics of their day.

Sir Henry Le Scrope, Fourth Baron, born June 4, 1418, took as his wife one of his distant cousins, Elizabeth, daughter of John Le Scrope, Fourth Baron of Masham and Upsal. He was in the Council of Henry VI and in parliament. He died in 1459.

Sir John Le Scrope, Fifth Baron of Bolton, born July 22, 1435, was a member of the King's Council under Richard III. He married Joan, daughter of William, Baron Fitzhugh. He died August 17, 1498.

The Sixth Baron of Bolton was Sir Henry Le Scrope, born about 1468. He married into the powerful Percy family, his wife being Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Percy, Third Earl of Northumberland. He died in 1506.

From here on we leave the Barons of Bolton and follow the family and descendants of a younger son, the second son of Sir Henry, the Sixth Baron, and Elizabeth Percy. He was called John Scrope of Spennithorne, Yorkshire, and of Hambledon, Buckinghamshire. He was born about 1498. He married Phillis, daughter of Ralph Rokeby of Mortham. The Rokebys were another powerful Yorkshire family, but their fortunes were ruined by the civil wars.

Ralph of Rokeby had a pig, who by her very ferocity and meanness earned immortality in an amusing ballad. Arthur Norway tells about her in his book, "Highways and Byways of Yorkshire." The ballad recites:

"She was more than other three
The griseliest beast that ever might be,
Her head was great and gray;
She was bredd in Rokeby Wood,
Ther was few that thither yood
That came on live away"

"With full good will" Ralph of Rokeby gave her to the Grey Friars of Richmond, and Friars Middleton, Peter

Dale and Brian Metcalfe went to "fetch her hame." They came upon her asleep under a tree and managed to noose her and started off with her. However, they had not proceeded very far before the sow decided to take things out of their hands. She made them such a fray that if they should live till Doomsday they could not forget it. Then Peter Dale got a bright idea. He felt confident that the sow did not know that they were friars and not hinds. So—

"He seigned him with crosse and creed,
Took forth a booke, began to read
Of Saint John and his gospell
* * * * *
The sow she wold no Latin heare
But rudely rushed at the freare"

who, we hope, from some safe spot bewailed his lot thus:

"He said, alas, that I was freare,
And I shal be tug'd in sunder here,
Hard is my destinie;
Wist my brethren in this houre
That I were set in sike a stoure
Yett wold they pray for me."

The sow, during this lament, was chasing the other two. Soon all three of them were taking to their heels with all due speed, and the sow "trotted back triumphantly" to Rokeby Wood. The next day the warden sent "two of the boldest men that ever were born," and Gilbert Griffin, the doughtier of the two, managed to overcome the sow and took her carcass to Richmond "in two panniers well made of tree." When they saw her coming—

"They sang merrily Te Deum,
The fryers, every one."

John Scrope of Spennithorne died between 1544 and 1547. One of his younger sons was named Adrian, and

he is always referred to as "ancestor of Scrope of Wormsley," which identifies him as the ancestor of Colonel Adrian Scrope. Burke definitely says he was the grandfather of Colonel Adrian Scrope, called the regicide.

The son of this first Adrian was Robert Scrope, Esq., of Wormsley, Oxon., who was baptized in 1569. He was a justice of the peace. His wife was Margaret, daughter of Richard Cornwall of London, a merchant. They were the parents of Colonel Adrian Scrope.

CHAPTER VIII

Adrian Scrope

The outstanding figure, of course, in our chronicle of the Scrope family is Adrian Scrope, our traditional ancestor. He was born in 1600-01, almost at the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He grew to manhood during the reign of the first of the Stuart kings, James I, whom Charles Dickens calls "His Sowship." James I, Dickens tells us, thought and wrote and said that the king had a right to make and unmake what laws he pleased, and ought to be accountable to nobody on earth. The reign of James I was a disgrace, and must have disgusted every healthy-minded Englishman. The influence of the father was plainly evident in the son, and Charles I also felt that he had a right to rule with or without a parliament as he saw fit, and that promises were to be easily made and as easily broken.

Young Adrian Scrope matriculated at Hart Hall, Oxford, November 7, 1617, and was a student of the Middle Temple in 1619. In November, 1624, he married Mary, daughter of Robert Waller of Beaconsfield, and sister of Edmund Waller, the poet.

Mary Waller came from a family of wealth and social position, but if she lived to be an old lady she must have been bowed beneath an almost unbearable burden of grief. We can learn something of her background by reading a little resume of the life of Edmund Waller, her brother, which appears in "Twelve Centuries of English Poetry & Prose," by Newcomer and Adams.

> "Edmund Waller lived from 1606 to 1687. His life was curiously eventful for one who desired only to enjoy his wealth and social position in peace. Born at Beaconsfield, the family estate, he was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and when very young sat in the House of Parliament where he shone as a fluent speaker. He inherited a large fortune and married an heiress. He at first favored the popular party, but at heart he was a courtier and by 1643 he was involved in a royalist plot that ended in his arrest and imprisonment and exile. In 1651 his sentence was revoked and he returned from France. He was a great favorite at the courts of Charles II and James II, but his last ten years were spent on his estate, where he died. Dryden says that Waller 'first made writing easily an art.' His poems show a consistent smoothness of rhythm and a polished simplicity of diction."

Let's stop in our story just long enough to enjoy two of his lovely little poems, so full of charm and grace and music.

GO, LOVELY ROSE!

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! That she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

And this one:

OLD AGE

The seas are quiet when the waves give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more;
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Mary Waller Scrope was also descended from the Hampden family. Her grandfather was Griffith Hampden, a brother of the William Hampden who married Elizabeth Cromwell, the aunt of Oliver Cromwell, and also aunt of General Whalley, one of the regicides who escaped to America. William Hampden and Elizabeth Cromwell Hampden were the parents of John Hampden, spoken of as "the patriot." The Hampdens were an old, wealthy and prominent family. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Great Hampden by Griffith Hampden during one of her journeys, and Timbs says that "in order to afford her

Majesty more commodious access to the house," Griffith Hampden had an avenue cut through his wood, still called the "Queen's Gap."

Adrian Scrope was Governor of Bristol Castle in 1649. He was Colonel of a troop of horse in the Parliamentary Army in the civil wars in England; and served on the High Court of Justice that condemned King Charles I, and signed his death warrant. In 1657 he was Commissioner to Scotland with General Monk, and later Sheriff of Lithgow and Sterling until the restoration.

In the spring of 1660, England again became a monarchy, and on May 1st letters were read in the two houses of Parliament from Charles II, containing the famous "Declaration of Breda," dated April 4th, which promised pardon to all save "only such persons as shall hereafter be excepted by Parliament." On May 18th the House of Lords ordered the seizure of the members of the court which had condemned Charles I. Just a week later the King landed at Dover and on June 6th issued his proclamation, summoning a long list of persons to appear within a fortnight or forfeit pardon.

Colonel Adrian Scrope surrendered himself within the time limit specified by the proclamation, but nineteen of those summoned fled the country. Two of these, Whalley and Goffe, trusting the word of no Stuart, had left England on May 4, 1660, under the assumed names of Edward Richardson and William Stephenson, and had taken passage for America at Gravesend on the "Prudent Mary," Captain Pierce, Master. There are many interesting stories told about Whalley and Goffe and their adventures in America, but it is a well known fact that they passed the remainder of their lives in constant fear of being discovered by officers of the King.

Parliament, after much debating on the subject of what punishment should be meted out to the regicides, excepted forty-nine men out of the act of indemnity as being unfit for pardon. All of these were found guilty and were

sentenced to death, but the execution of those who had voluntarily surrendered was postponed for future consideration by Parliament.

Ten men were put to death, with, as John Drinkwater puts it, "every attendant atrocity;" and he says further that to read the sentences inflicted on these men is to be filled with horror at the brutality that devised them. They were hanged, drawn and quartered. On October 14, 1660, Daniel Axtel, John Carew, Gregory Clement, Francis Hacker, Thomas Harrison and the minister Hugh Peters, were executed; and three days later Thomas Scott, Adrian Scrope, John Cook and John Jones. A reading of the testimony taken at the trial of Adrian Scrope will answer the question as to why he was not given the same respite that most of the others who voluntarily surrendered themselves were given. The Lord Mayor Elect, with his implications, was responsible—or at least partially so.

These ten men said they looked on the death of the king as a solemn act of national justice, and that "they proceeded under the sanction of that authority which then exercised the supreme power in the nation." "When they were told to repent, they replied that of their sins they had repented, and of forgiveness they were assured. But they dared not repent of their share in the death of the late king; for to repent of a good deed was to offend God; they were proud to suffer for such a cause." And they all went to their death with the courage of martyrs. (Quotations from "The History of England," by John Lingard.)

One historian, writing of the bravery and courage of Colonel Adrian Scrope in prison and on the gallows, describes him as "a comely, ancient gentlemen." (Colonel Scrope was only sixty at the time of his death.)

The remains of Colonel Scrope were not treated with the same indignity as were those of the others, but were given to his family for burial.

CHAPTER IX

The Trial of Adrian Scrope

"Noble's Lives of the Regicides" is the work of an English clergyman—Rev. Mark Noble—who follows his natural bent and indulges in a little moralizing on how Adrian Scrope might have avoided his tragic fate by remaining loyal to his king. The complete title of his book is quite awe-inspiring. He calls it: "The Lives of the English Regicides and Other Commissioners of the Pretended High Court of Justice Appointed to Sit in Judgment Upon Their Sovereign, King Charles the First." A notation on the fly leaf says that it was printed for John Stockdale, Piccadilly, in 1798.

In 1905, James Addison Throop[7] (George Addison[6], Dan IV[5], Dan III[4], Dan II[3], Dan I[2], and William[1]) went to the Chicago Library and made a copy of the proceedings at the trial of Adrian Scrope from "Noble's Lives of the Regicides." He made a notation upon it that it was to be preserved for any future Throops that might be interested. Respecting his wish, the various members of the Throop family to whom this copy (or a duplicate) has come, have passed it along to those who wanted it; and after thirty-seven years it has come back to his son, Addison James Throop[8], who decided to print it in this booklet.

Quotation marks are purposely omitted from the following excerpts from "Noble's Lives of the Regicides."

Adrian Scrope, Esq., was of a very ancient family in Buckinghamshire, the head of which was ennobled, and he possessed a very considerable estate.

Highly displeased with the court and desirous of seeing, what he imagined would establish a perfect liberty, he

entered into the Parliament Army and raised a troop of horse, at the head of which he appeared at the battle of Edgehill.

From the rank of Major he soon attained that of Colonel of Horse.

In 1647, he united with the other officers in presenting a charge against the eleven members, whom the Parliament had taken exceptions to.

He was sent to suppress a revolt, as it was termed in Dorsetshire, occasioned by a clergyman of the name of "Wake" having presumed to use the liturgy of the Church of England, to his congregation, and when the Puritans had gone in to prevent it, the people had rescued their minister and soundly beaten those sent to apprehend him, which was so great a grievance that the committee of Derby House had represented the outrage to the General.

He (Scrope) was sent against the Duke of Hamilton in July following, and soon afterwards with eight troops of horse and dragoons to Yarmouth, which was attacked by the Prince (afterward Charles II) and the Duke of York.

That place, upon his coming thither, told him that they would adhere to the Parliament, against all interests, and if his Excellency, the Lieutenant General, should command it, they would admit his forces into the town and that they should have liberty on all occasions to march through the town, but that they were able themselves to suppress every sedition that should arise within themselves.

His sentiments were so well known with respect to a Republican Government and the dislike he had to the person of his Majesty that he was appointed one of the Commissioners of the "High Court of Justice," and, what was rarely seen in that profligate and deluded set of men, he sat every day in the "Painted Chamber" and in Westminster Hall and signed and sealed the warrant for his Majesty's execution.

After the King's violent death, his regiment was drawn by lot to go to Ireland, but his men chose to act as he had done, in disregarding authority, declaring they would not go thither, and they sent letters to Ireton to acquaint him with their resolution, but at length, some of them softened and declared for the General, expressing their readiness to go whithersoever he commanded, and the rest followed their example.

Scrope, however, was excused going to that Kingdom, being appointed in October, 1649, Governor of Bristol Castle, where he remained for some time, and when Parliament thought proper to discontinue that government, he was appointed in 1657, one of the Commissioners to Scotland in conjunction with General Monk, Lord Broghil and others, but I shrewdly suspect he was removed from a place, where, by his sentiments, he might have done much mischief, for the Protector knew his title was as obnoxious to a Republican as that of King could be, and Ludlow is of the same opinion, because to use his own words, he: "Not daring to trust a person of so much honor and worth with a place of that consequence."

At the restoration he was excepted out of the act of indemnity, both as to life and estate, though it had been proposed, Ludlow says, to have fined him only one year's value of his estate, but this, I should suppose, is unwarranted.

His criminality in the King's death being so manifest, but contrary to my suggestion, he says that it was so intended, the Colonel having surrendered himself within the time limited by the proclamation, but that this was altered upon information given by "that renegade Brown," of some private discourse between them, in which the Colonel, as he said, had justified the part he had, in doing justice upon the late king; but it is more likely that his speaking thus to a man, desirous at all risks, to make his peace with royalty, was the occasion of his execution, not

of his exception in the bill, any more than the other regicides, none of whom could have been more criminal than himself.

He was tried at Sessions House, in the Old Bailey, October 12th, 1660, and pleaded,— "Not Guilty."

Then came the opening of the case by the Solicitor General, and then the evidence. The Solicitor opened the case thus:

"May it please your Lordships, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, the prisoner at the bar, stands indicted for compassing and imagining the death of the late King of blessed memory.

"The indictment sets out, that to that end and purpose the prisoner at the bar, did with others, assemble and sit together in Westminster Hall, consulting upon him, and usurped an authority to proceed against the life of our said late sovereign, and in pursuance of that, our late sovereign was brought to his death.

"These things are alleged in the indictment as several overt acts to show the treason of his heart which was the compassing and imagining the death of the king;— 'compassing and imagining' are the words of the statute, the rest of the indictment is but as so many overt acts, evidence and manifestation of that corrupt and wicked heart of his, by which he first thought such a thought against his sovereign.

"The manner of our evidence shall be this: Before they could come to accomplish this damnable design, it was necessary to meet in a traitorous assembly which they called 'The High Court of Justice,' that under the pageantry and mockery of that, they might pretend to murder him by a sentence; and before that assembly could come to sit, there was a precept set forth, very formally, to summon them to sit.

"This prisoner at the bar is one of those persons who under his hand and seal did summon that court to sit upon the life of our late sovereign.

"When the court, in obedience to that summons (as they called it) did meet, they sat several times, and he, among them, they did proceed with a wonderful impudence, as they had begun, to pronounce sentence of death upon our late sovereign.

"My Lords, this prisoner at the bar was amongst them, and was at that court, and gave the sentence.

"When they had done, that they might complete their villainy, they made a bloody warrant for severing the head of his late Majesty from his body, and the hand of the prisoner is to that warrant also. This is the scope of our indictment."

* * * * *

ABSTRACT OF THE EVIDENCE

Prisoner: My Lords, may I have liberty to speak?

Court: If you do confess that which is opened in evidence against you, we shall not need examine any witnesses.

Prisoner: Examine what you think fit. If I understand that worthy gentleman, that spake last, he said my hand was to that warrant for execution. My Lord, If I can see my hand I can tell; I will not deny my hand.

Court: Show it to him. (Which was done accordingly.)

Prisoner: My Lord, I will not deny but that it is my hand, but it is not my seal.

Council: Crier, call Mr. Masterson, Mr. Kirke, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Carr (who were all sworn). Mr. Masterson, pray tell my Lords and the Jury whether you did see the prisoner at the bar in that which they did call the "High Court of Justice" sitting as a Judge upon the late King.

Mr. Masterson: My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury, I saw, on the 22nd and 23rd of January, 1648, the prisoner at the bar, sitting upon the bench, as one of the Judges in that which they called the "High Court of Justice," the

King standing as a prisoner at the bar. I say either the 22nd or 23rd, but I say particularly on the 27th of January, 1648, the day in which the sentence was passed on the late King, I saw the prisoner at the bar sitting upon the bench in that which they called the "High Court of Justice."

Counsel: How did he demean himself when the sentence was read?

Mr. Masterson: When the sentence was read it was by the President as he was called, said to be the sentence and judgment of the whole Court, upon which the prisoner at the bar rose up, as to my apprehension, testifying his assent. All their assents were taken so, and no otherwise to us that were spectators.

Prisoner: I beseech your Lordships that I may speak without offense and answer this.

Court: Mr. Scrope, you may if you please have paper and ink to take notes, or to ask any question.

Prisoner: My Lords, give me leave to ask him this question, whereabouts did he see me sit in the Court?

Court: Mr. Masterson, you hear the question, pray answer it.

Mr. Masterson: My Lords, I can not say particularly where he sat; but I saw him in the Court and to the best of my remembrance it was on the second seat on the left hand of Bradshaw.

Prisoner: I would not give offense to the Court in any kind, I am now pleading for my life. I desire to take a little liberty to ask this gentleman if ever he and I were in company together that he knows me so well?

Mr. Masterson: For my part, I do not remember that I saw his face before the sitting of that Court. If this gentleman ask me if I were ever in his company, I know not how I may construe the word "company," but I am sure I never ate or drank with him. I have seen him very many times at Committees, more than twenty times since that business.

Mr. Clarke is called.

Counsel: Mr. Clarke, you have heard the question: Did you ever see the prisoner at the bar in that which they called "The High Court of Justice?"

Mr. Clarke: I do remember in the year 1648, I saw the prisoner sitting in that which they called the "High Court of Justice" upon the trial of the King.

Prisoner: My Lords, you may desist from examining witnesses, touching my sitting on that Court.

Court: Do you acknowledge you did sit in that which they called the "High Court of Justice?"

Prisoner: Yes. I see it proved, and I see a gentleman here in my eyes that I know very well. I will not deny it.

Court: Did you sit on the sentence day, that is the evidence, which was the 27th of January? You are not bound to answer me, but if you will not, we must prove it. Do you confess that?

Prisoner: I do not confess that I stood up as assenting to the sentence.

Mr. Clarke is called.

Counsel: Mr. Clarke, what do you say to that?

Mr. Clarke: I did not take particular notice of him that day that he stood up, but the whole Court stood up, to my apprehension; but I took notice he was there then present.

Counsel: Mr. Clarke, do you remember that you saw any of them sit?

Mr. Clarke: I did not take notice of any that sat then, but all stood up, to my thought.

Mr. Carr is called.

Counsel: Mr. Carr, tell my Lords and the Jury whether you did see the prisoner at the bar sitting in that which they called the "High Court of Justice?"

Mr. Carr: My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury, the the 22nd and 27th of January, 1648, I was present when the names of that they called the "High Court of Justice" were called, and amongst others that were Judges of that Court, as was printed in a paper which I then had in my

hand, I found the name of Mr. A. Scrope, who I saw did then sit and appear.

Prisoner: I hope you will not take any evidence from a printed list.

Counsel: The manner of his evidence is: He saith this, that he had a printed paper in his hand, when the names of that Court were called, and marking the persons in that paper who were present and that you were one of them that did appear.

Prisoner: My Lord, I shall not dispute in regard to my want of skill in the law, the lawfulness of bringing in any paper in evidence into the Court. I shall not dispute against your Lordships, but by your favor, I do suppose there is no witness ought to use any paper, or look upon any paper, when he gives his evidence; but I shall submit it to your Lordships.

Mr. Solicitor General: Ask him the question without his paper, but yet nothing is more usual than for a witness to make use of a paper to help his memory.

Prisoner: The gentleman that spoke last; I cannot hear him.

Mr. Solicitor General: We do not need his paper, in this case. He will tell it without a paper. Mr. Carr, speak without a paper.

Mr. Carr: My Lords, upon the calling of those that were Judges in that Court, which they called the "High Court of Justice" then sitting, this gentleman, the prisoner at the bar, did answer to his name then called.

Prisoner: Did you see me?

Mr. Carr: I heard you answer and saw you.

Prisoner: I pray he may be asked whereabout I sat in that Court.

Counsel: Mr. Carr, you hear the question, answer to it.

Carr: I am not able particularly to tell now, it being many years since.

Scrope: My Lord, observe of what value this evidence is. I am sure I never was in his company. I do not

know that ever he saw me in his life. I beseech you to give me leave to plead for myself in all humbleness and modesty, my Lord.

Lord Chiief Baron: Notice is taken of it, Mr. Scrope. God forbid you should be debarred of it.

Srcoop: I say he comes with evidence of a paper, he heard my name called, and marked it. It is strange that a gentleman whom I never saw, I know not his name, nor I do not think he knew my name, if he had met me.

Lord Chief Baron: I told you that was laid aside, and you heard him speak, viva voce without a paper.

Mr. Kirke is called.

Counsel: Mr. Kirke, did you see the prisoner at the bar in that Court which they called the "High Court of Justice" for trial of the late King?

Kirke: My Lords and Gentlemen of the Jury, I did see the prisoner there and I did wonder to see him there, which was the reason I took more special notice of his being there.

Scroop: Pray my Lords, let me entreat one thing before he speaks, that your Lordships will be pleased to speak to him to give his evidence without any speech.

Counsel: How can that be? Can he give evidence without speaking?

Scroop: I beseech you, my Lords, give me leave to say this, let him give in his evidence in plain words, without any speech.

Lord Chief Baron: Mr. Scrope, he must be excused. There are circumstances inducing, which are as much as the principal. This that he hath said is very material. Saith he: "I did see the prisoner at the bar there; I did not expect, and wondered at it, and therefore took the more notice." Let him go on. Ask him what questions you will.

Scroop: My Lord, I submit.

Lord Chief Baron: Mr. Kirke, you must speak the truth and the whole truth. Go on.

Mr. Kirke: I say as I said before, I saw this gentleman, sitting in that which they called "High Court of Justice," and I did therefore wonder at it, because I did not expect him there. I came to know him formerly as he was called Captain Scroop.

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Counsel: Go on.

Kirke: And, as I said before, I saw this person, this prisoner at the bar, sit amongst the rest of these persons, Judges, as they called themselves, of the "High Court of Justice" for the trial of the King. I did more particularly take notice of this person because I did not expect him there. I knew him formerly, upon this report, being an eminent man, by the name of Captain Scroop, and at that time was an associate of one Captain Vivers and Captain Wingham. I had not seen him some years before this business and seeing him there, I did the more particularly notice him.

Scroop: Have you done, sir? I beseech your Lordship to ask him what employment he had there himself, when he saw me there?

Kirke: My Lord, I was there to hear the trial.

Lord Chief Baron: Mr. Scroop, I am not willing you should have anything of interruption, unless you reflect upon any persons that concerns not you, Mr. Scroop, I do not think it will be for your advantage, nor is it proper for you to ask.

Scroop: In all humbleness I do speak it to your Lordships, that your Lordships will please to consider that if he had any employment in that business himself, how unfit a witness he is against me.

Court: Much fitter.

Scroop: If it be so, I have done.

Kirke: My Lord, I was there only as a spectator. I went only there to see and hear what was there to be seen and heard. I stood there and took notes in characters of the proceedings and several others with myself did the like, and we compared them together. That was

all my business at that time, and I saw him sit there on the 27th day of January, 1648, which was the day of sentence against the King.

Scroop: Whereabouts did you see me sit there?

Kirke: It is not, I think, imaginable that any person should be able, after so many years, possibly to say where any person sat, but to the best of my remembrance, you sat upon the second bench next to the President, but I dare not be positive in that. I dare not justify it upon my oath. It is but my remembrance.

Here Mr. Scroop talked to one that stood near him.

Lord Chief Justice: We must desire that of you, Mr. Scroop, that you will not speak to any here, but what the court may hear.

Prisoner: I shall observe your commands.

Mr. Coytmore is sworn.

Counsel: Did you see the prisoner at the bar sitting in that which they called the "High Court of Justice" as a judge upon the king?

Coytmore: I did see him.

Counsel: When? What day?

Coytmore: I cannot name the day; I was there three times of their sitting, there I saw him once or twice; once, I am sure.

Prisoner: What day?

Coytmore: I cannot remember.

Counsel: Did he sit there as a judge upon the King?

Coytmore: He sat among the rest as a judge upon the King.

Scroop: Give me leave to ask him whereabouts he saw me sit?

Counsel: Where did you see him sit?

Coytmore: I cannot remember the place. He was among them. I saw him either one or two days. There was a great company of them together.

Mr. Nutly is sworn.

Counsel: Mr. Nutly, did you see the prisoner at the bar, sitting in what they called the "High Court of Justice?"

Nutly: If it please your Lordships, I was there in the Court those four days that they sat in judgment. I heard the prisoner at the bar called by his name. I did take notice he was there, truly, I think he was twice or thrice, to my remembrance.

Counsel: Can you tell what day? Whether the 27th of January, 1648?

Nutly: I cannot positively, but to the best of my remembrance he was there, that was the last day, when judgment was given.

Mr. Baker is sworn.

Counsel: Mr. Baker, what say you? Did you see the prisoner at the bar sitting in what they called the "High Court of Justice?"

Baker: Yes, I did see Colonel Scroop on Tuesday, the 23rd day of January, 1648, very particularly stand up and answer to his name.

Mr. Coytmore recalled.

Counsel: Mr. Coytmore, are you acquainted with Colonel Scroop's hand?

Coytmore: I have had several letters from him.

Counsel: Mr. Scroop, have you a mind to see the warrant for summoning the Court?

Scroop: I desire to see it. I do not remember I set my hand to it.

Court: Show it to him. (It being shown.)

Scroop: I cannot say it is my hand.

Court: It is too true. We will prove it to you.

Court: Show it to Mr. Coytmore.

Mr. Scroop: Be pleased to let me see it once more (which was again shown him). Truly, my Lord, I will save him the labor.

Counsel: You do acknowledge it was your hand?

Scroop: I'll save him the labor, for I confess I do not love men should be put to their oaths, more than needs.

Here likewise the warrant for execution was read.

Counsel: We shall conclude our evidence with Major General Brown, the Lord Mayor Elect.

The Lord Mayor Elect is sworn.

Counsel: My Lord, be pleased to tell my Lords what discourse hath lately passed between the prisoner at the bar and you concerning the death of the King.

Lord Mayor Elect: My Lords, upon some occasion I was accidently at the Chamber of the Speaker. There I met this gentleman, whom indeed I knew not. He told me who he was and when I understood who he was, I said to him (or words to this purpose—I cannot tell the words), because I would not distaste him, and say you have done this, therefore I put it thus: We have done this, what a sad case have we, said I, brought this Kingdom into. Why? saith he. You see, said I, how it is ruined, now the King is murdered and so forth. Saith he: Some are of one opinion and some of another. Said I, Sir! Do you think it was well done to murder the King? Saith he, I will not make you my confessor, Sir. It was much to this purpose.

Counsel: When was this spoken?

Lord Mayor Elect: Truly I do not know the day, but it was that day that Sir H. Mildmay rendered himself to the speaker. It was since the coming in of the King.

Mr. Solicitor General: Neither time or the hand of God appearing in this business, nor the condition he was in, was ever able to bring this gentleman to be sorry for his offense; but we do not give it as any evidence of his crimes. You have heard the prisoner confess the two warrants, you have heard by several witnesses produced, that he did sit in that which they called the "High Court of Justice," by three that he sat particularly on that day

they called the day of their judgment. You have heard how little penitence he hath had, by his declaration to the Lord Mayor Elect.

TESTIMONY FOR DEFENDANT

Scroop: I hope, now that you have heard the evidence against me, that you will give me leave to make some defense for myself.

Lord Chief Baron: God forbid otherwise but that you should have free liberty.

Scroop: Truly, my Lords, though my breeding hath not been in the way of the laws and therefore I have a great disadvantage, where there be such learned gentlemen as these to plead against me.

I must confess to you I have something for matter of law, to plead for the justification of the fact, though I would not undertake to justify the person, I humbly entreat that I may have some time given me and some counsel, that I may answer matters of law.

Lord Chief Baron: Mr. Scroop, if you have anything of matter of law, for which you would have counsel, you must allege that matter first. The use of counsel is only to put in certainty what you have of matter of law and then the Court and Judges must judge of it. If you have matter of law, you must tell what it is. If it be matter that there is cause to overrule it, there is no cause of making further use of counsel. If one is indicted for murder, when he comes to trial, he will say, I have matter of law to plead. What is that? That murder is not felony. Do you think counsel will be admitted in this? If you do allege what this matter is, wherein you desire counsel, you shall have your answer.

Scroop: My Lords As well as I am able to do it, I will do it. My Lords, I was not in the Parliament, take notice of that; and that which was done in the "High Court of Justice," it was done by a commission from the

Parliament. My Lords, it was that authority which was then. I will not say it was so because I would not give offense. It was that authority then which was accounted the supreme authority of the nation, and that authority, my Lords, that a great many of the generality of the nation submitted to. My Lord, I having received a command from that authority, what I did was in obedience of that authority.

My Lord, I have not had time to consider of these things because I have been for these six weeks, shut up a close prisoner, and that I could neither come at counsel or anything else, nor to get anything to prepare for it. Therefore I desire your Lordships to do me the favor, if you see any weight in it, let me have time and counsel assigned me.

Lord Chief Baron: Have you done, sir?

Scroop: Yes.

Lord Chief Baron: Then I take this to be the effect of what you said. If I have not taken it aright, tell me so. You say you justify the fact though not the person, that you were not of the Parliament, that what was done was by commission from Parliament. Be pleased not to mistake me, for I say you said this, that which I have to plead in justification of it. I do not say that I justify myself, but that which I have to say is for justification of the fact. I was no first contriver of the business, and secondly I did it by virtue of the command and in obedience to the authority of Parliament, and that authority was then accounted the supreme authority of the nation, and that the generality of the nation did submit to its authority. I think I have repeated all you have said. Then, Mr. Scroop, you must know that there is no cause at all why counsel should be given for what you speak. I confess it rather tends to the aggravation than extenuation of what you did. First you say you did it by authority of Parliament. I am afraid you have been mistaken, as well as others, by the word Parliament. What does that mean? I am sure you and every one knows that there was not one precedent

ever heard of till this, that the House of Commons should take upon them the legislative power and make such an act as this was. There was no color for it. Then for men upon their own heads, never heard of before, and against the liberty and freedom of the people, that they should call it the Parliament when there was but forty-six sat, whereas there was above two hundred and forty excluded —and how can you call this a House of Commons? Did ever the House of Commons before this single act take upon them the legislative power without the House of Lords? The acts are begun in the Commons House. When you have done, if the Lords do not pass it, it is abortive. If it be done by both Houses there ought to be the Royal Assent. But the Lords had rejected this Act. Then they must take upon themselves, these forty-six men, whereof I do believe there was not above twenty-five or twenty-six men, that did vote this. And this must be called the Parliament, the Commons of England.

I would fain know whether any man hath heard that the House of Commons took upon them the legislative power before this act. But this hath been overruled in the like case, and I shall say no more to it. What is the Oath of Allegiance? Is it not that you should defend the King, his crown, rights and liberties against all peoples and persons whatsoever? It was not only against the Pope, as some would have it, but the word is otherwise. They broke the Oath of Supremacy which was that the King was Supreme Governor of these Nations. They swore that they would maintain and keep all privileges and immunities and pre-eminences annexed to the Imperial Crown of this Realm. An Imperial Crown it was, that which was not touched in the person. We do not speak anything of the absolute power of the King, for you see he cannot judge concerning the death of his father but by law.

When you swore this allegiance, all those members to break all this at once, this would be so far from having

any color of authority that he that justifies it is against the light of conscience and law. You say you did it by commandment from them. He that doeth a command by such an authority, it is his guilt. Our law book says: "If a court of common law exceed their jurisdiction, in that case he that obeys the command is punishable."

In the Court of Common Pleas, if there be an appeal there for murder, it is only proper to the upper bench and, therefore, if the party be condemned, sentenced and executed, thereupon, the executioner in that case is guilty of murder for obeying that authority which was, indeed, no authority. And therefore, whereas you would go about to justify the fact, because you did it by command of that authority, that is an aggravation, that when men shall assume an authority which is a devil at the noon-day, appearing without vizors. I say, shall assume an authority never heard of before, if men will countenance their acts by obeying them, it is an aggravation.

We have already declared this in the case of the prisoner yesterday. We are all satisfied in that case. It is so clear a point in law that my brethren here and we, did overrule it yesterday in the like case, and so we must now, and I hope that all do concur in this opinion that hath been delivered.

Lord Finch: I hope all do concur in this opinion delivered by my Lord Chief Baron. You shelter yourself under a command of the House of Commons, but let me tell you and all the world that, if the House of Commons (let it have been never so complete) had given a command, it had been a thing no-ways justifiable; the justification is an aggravation.

Scroope: My Lord, I do see that everything I speak, though it be for clearing myself of your ill opinion, I see it is taken in an ill sense. I humbly beseech pardon for the expression if I err, I will crave your Lordship's pardon. But, my Lords, I will say this, if I have been misled, I am not a single person who has been misled. My Lord, I

could say (but I think it does not become me to say so) that I see a great many faces at this time that were misled as well as myself. But that I will not insist upon, but I say this, that I hope an error in judgment shall not be accounted malice or an error of the will. Truly, my Lords, I never went to the work with a malicious heart. I humbly desire your Lordships to take notice of it that I never bore any malice against his late Majesty.

Lord Chief Baron: Mr. Scroope, have you done?

Scroope: My Lord, I do beseech your Lordships to take notice that an error of judgment is not an error of the will.

Lord Chief Baron: Mr. Scroope, I am very glad to hear you say so, but let me tell you what the law saith. The law in this case creates the malice. If a man do an act of this nature, that may be some kind of excuse to God, but towards man you are to look to the fact. The law implies the malice. If there be anything you will say in the extenuation of your offense, we will be very glad to hear that it may tend to your help.

Mr. Scroope: My Lord, there is one evidence comes in against me that I must confess I am very sorry to see; and, my Lord, there was a saying and it was by my Lord Mayor Elect. Truly, he is a worthy gentleman, but I do desire that the Lord may forgive that whiich he hath spoken. Truly, my Lord, I did never intend anything to this, neither can I remember that I spoke those words directly, as my Lord Mayor doth speak. I do believe my Lord Mayor cannot very well remember them himself, for he said: "so far as he can remember." I must confess that when I was there and had appeared, according to the proclamation, that such discourse somewhat like it was raised, but not of my procuring. I did not procure the discourse. I never intended the justification of the fact but it was my ill success that I should meet that worthy gentleman to have such discourse with him.

Lord Chief Baron: Mr. Scroop, My Lord Mayor Elect saith no further than this: "So far as he remember," and

the words that you should say were these, that some are of one opinion and some of another.

Scroope: Upon the death of the King, my Lord, I must confess to you that somewhat I said to him, but I cannot own that I said those words. My Lords, he is a worthy person, I do not desire to speak anything to degenerate in the least kind from him; it is his yea and my no; there was nobody there.

Lord Chief Baron: Have you anything more to say for yourself?

Scroope: My Lord, if your Lordships do overrule it so I may not have counsel, I have little more to say.

Lord Chief Baron: You have heard the sense of the Court in this particular. You cannot have counsel allowed you as to the matter you have pleaded.

Scroope: I have done but only this, My Lords, I know not whether it be seasonable to mention it. I came in upon the proclamation and, my Lords, by means of the unhappy words that have been reported of me in the House of Commons, I have been excepted whereas before I was not excepted before the very last day. I beseech you to take notice of this.

Lord Chief Baron: Mr. Scrope, that is a thing that is not before us, but there will be a proper time to consider it in another place. That is nothing in the trial. Have you any more to say, Scrope?

Scrope: No, my Lord; will your Lordship please to let me speak a word to the jury.

Lord Chief Baron: If you speak to the Court the jury will hear.

Scroop: Truly, my Lord, this I do perceive, that I am under a very great prejudice as to this fact. It hath been the case of many gentlemen besides myself. I desire that these gentlemen would take my case into consideration as they would their own, and I desire that the Lord

would give them direction that they may do that which is according to justice and mercy. That is all I have to say, my Lords.

Lord Chief Baron: You, gentlemen, that are sworn of this jury, you see the prisoner, Mr. Scroop, hath been indicted for imagining and contriving the death of his late Majesty of blessed memory, King Charles the First. You see there are several things in this indictment. The charge is the imagining and compassing the death of the King. In the indictment there are several matters of fact to prove this imagination. The imagination is the treason. The matters of fact to prove it are but the evidences of that imagination. If any one of them be proved to you, it is sufficient. The one is consulting and meeting together how to put him to death. The other sitting and assuming authority to bring him to trial. Then you have a sentence by the Court to put the King to death, thereupon; aferwards he was put to death. Any one of these matters are evidence enough for you to prove the indictment, for though the indictment concludes that so they did imagine and compass the death of the King and that the King was put to death in manner and form as aforesaid, the manner and form aforesaid goes to this, to the imagination of the heart, for the law did not think any one would put the King to death. They thought it so great a crime they thought it not convenient to bring it into the statute. But the compassing and imagining the death of the King is made Treason. Then to apply it, this fact, to the gentleman, it appears to you here by the proofs against him.

Here is Mr. Masterson. He swears he saw him sit in the pretended court; there was your evidence of the first. The first was their meeting together and the second, too. They did assume authority upon them and he swears further to the sentence that the prisoner was there. Here were the three overt acts, all proved.

He confesses he did sign the warrant for putting the King to death. This, without any witness at all, was a sufficient proof, a proof of proofs.

The other witnesses, you hear what they say. You hear Mr. Kirke, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Nutly, swear all to his sitting there. It is true when they came to particulars as to where he sat, you must remember it was about twelve years ago. When a man sees a mixed number of about eighty persons it is impossible a man should be able to remember this particular after twelve years, where such a one sat. But you see by his sentencing what he did. They all witness they saw him positively, and one tells you he wondered he saw him there. And indeed it might be wondered, for Mr. Scroop (to give him his right) was not a person as some of the rest, but he was unhappily engaged in that bloody business, I hope, mistakenly. But when it comes to so high a crime as this, men must not excuse themselves by ignorance or misguided conscience as to God, for this horrid murder of the King somewhat there may be, but there is no excuse or extenuation before man. There may be, I say, before the Lord. You see the proof is full against this gentleman, as full as may be. Witnesses saw him sit and he confessed himself that he signed the warrants. I have no more to say to you, but, gentlemen, you see what it is. I think, for matter of fact, you need not go from the bar, but I leave it to you.

Scroop: My Lord,——

Lord Chief Baron: Mr. Scroop, if you have anything to say, when the jury have brought in their verdict, if you will say anything for matter of mercy, the Court will hear you.

Scroope: I thank your Lordship.

The Jury returned a verdict of guilty.

Being asked what goods and chattels the prisoner had, they replied: "None that we know."

The Lord Chief Baron then told him: "If you will say anything, the Court will hear."

Scroop: I have no more, my Lord, but refer myself to the Honorable Court.

* * * * *

There was certainly a great meanness, if not worse, in the Lord Mayor Elect toward Scroop, and it was very impolitic in Scroop to unbosom himself to such a man.

Mr. Scroop's conduct through the trial was more dignified, and he met with more compassion than any that suffered. He had an erroneous idea, but, acting upon it, he behaved with a steady mind, and it does not appear, by any one act of his, that ambition or sordid gain were concerned in it, which cannot be said of the others implicated in the business.

After his condemnation, he said to one of his children hanging upon and weeping over him: "Peace, child; be still. Not a word. Thou hast a blessed portion. Who would be troubled to die? For can any one have a greater honor than to have his soul carried up to Heaven on the wings of the prayers of so many saints?"

Being told that he and others, also doomed to die, must all go into the room where Major General Harrison had been confined after his condemnation, he rejoiced exceedingly that they were not to be separated. He, however, had far too much presumption in telling a clergyman that all his sins, every one, was pardoned and that God had loved him with an everlasting love, and in the strength of that he would go to Heaven.

He told some who visited him to own the Sovereignty of God and think, this, his situation, was His dispensation; to be at His feet with their mouths in the dust, and to live more in love and unity with one another.

One of Scroop's nephews humanely came to him in the dungeon the night preceding his death and requested him to repent of the part he had acted toward the late King and to submit to the present King's mercy. But he returned him no other answer than to "Avoid Satan," at the same time thrusting him away. This night Scroop told his fellow prisoners that he should take a little sleep, having had an indifferent one the night before, and, composing himself, he slept so soundly that he snored and was obliged to be wakened when the sledge came for him. Being asked how his health was he said "Very well, I thank God, never better in my life; and now will I wash my hands in innocency, so will I compass Thine Altar, O Lord."

At the place of execution, he said: "You see here an object that hath been in a better place; but, howsoever, the Lord Jesus Christ hath sent me to this place that in this place I should die. I have no animosity against any man, nor ever had. Neither have I any evil will to those that brought me hither, nor to the Jury that found me guilty, nor to the Judges who passed sentence, nor to him* through whose means I was brought here to suffer. I say once more, the Lord forgive him. I shall not name him, for I came not hither to reflect on any man's person. I will not tell you what my breeding hath been, for it is not good for any man (especially at such a time) to boast of his lineage nor breeding. But this I shall say, I was born and bred a gentleman. As to my carriage, it may be, some who look upon me here know what it hath been, but God, the Judge of all, knows what it was."

And then, breaking out into a religious strain suitable to his sad situation, he addressed the multitudes on the right and left hand of him, desiring them to reflect that this was, as it were, a representation of the last judgment; finishing with wishing them to judge charitably of him

*Lord Mayor Elect Brown.

His last prayer was such as did honor to his understanding and still more to his disposition of mind. Enthusiasm gave way to true piety, and he requested of that Omnipotent Being before whom he was going in a more immediate manner to appear, that He would deal with him according to his sins, for he was a miserable sinner, "for if Thou," says he, "enter into judgment, who is able to stand before Thee, but there is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayest be feared." "Oh, Lord, let it be known and seen that there hath not been any heart in me to do anything with malice or that might show my revenge; if there be any revenge on the other side, the Lord lay it not to their charge. The Lord bless those in authority. The Lord bless his Majesty, that he may reign prosperously and receive blessings from the hand of the Lord."

And he finished all with praying for strength to stand his present hour of temptation.

The Executioner then performed his dreadful office.

* * * * *

It is a thousand pities that, if so many were to die as public examples, some one of the others, who were equally guilty of the King's death, and whose lives were a disgrace to any cause, were not substituted in Scroop's stead. His port and mien were noble, and the endowment of his mind everway admirable, says Ludlow. Happy had it been for him if he had pursued the loyal conduct of Sir Gervaise Scroop of Lincolnshire, the head of his own family, who risked his life for his sovereign, old as he was, and who fought valiently at Edgehill where he fell wounded in sixteen different places in his body and head, and had lain, stripped, among the dead from three o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday and remained all that very cold night and all Monday and Monday night and all Tuesday until the evening when his son, with pious care, went to seek him among the slain and carry his body to

his family place of interment, but to his amazement found his parent living, and putting him into a warm bed he revived and was enabled to be conducted to Oxford where he perfectly recovered as did a gentleman of the name of Bellingham, taken from the same place and in the same manner by his son. And the surgeons allowed that these aged gentlemen were saved by the very barbarity that was exercised against them, for had they been removed immediately their wounds would have been fatal. The coldness of the nights stopped the flow of blood better than the arts of their profession could do.

(End of quotation)

Note: In "Noble's Lives of the Regicides," from which I have copied the above, I find the name spelled "Scrope," "Scroop," and "Scroope," and when so spelled I have followed copy. James A. Throop[7].

August, 1905.

CHAPTER X

Colonel John Jones, Regicide

James Addison Throop[7] had a double interest in the regicides. His mother, Deborah (Goldsmith) Throop, was a direct descendant of Colonel John Jones, who was executed with Colonel Scrope on the 17th day of October, 1660. (See pages 23 and 24 of "Ancestral Charts of George Addison Throop[6] and Deborah Goldsmith," by Olive Cole Smith[8] and Addison James Throop[8].)

Rev. Mark Noble in his "Lives of the English Regicides, etc." has the following to say of John Jones, Esq., who was a colonel in the parliamentarian army:

"John Jones, Esq., was a brother-in-law of Cromwell, having married one of his sisters; he was undoubtedly a

soldier of fortune, though he had a small property of his own which he inherited from his ancestors. He was entirely in the Commonwealth interest, which he continually pursued, and no circumstance of life perhaps was more pleasing to him, than that in which he sat as a judge upon his sovereign.

"He attended each day of the mock trial, except on the 10th, 13th and 18th, in the Painted Chamber, and on the 22nd in Westminster Hall, and he signed the warrant for destroying the devoted monarch.

"Overawed by Oliver's superior genius, he acted entirely as he was directed by him, and became one of his lords; he joined the army in destroying the power of Richard (probably Richard Cromwell), vainly flattering himself that he should be able, with his associates, to carry on the affairs of the nation in the way of a republic; the people at length, tired of the confusion and disorder occasioned by the destruction of the legal government, with joy returned to where only they could remain in safety.

"He paid the forfeiture of his crimes, being one of the regicides that was executed at the restoration, as an expiation for the blood of a sovereign, whom it was his duty to have defended, and not assisted in destroying.

"This unfortunate man was only raised by his alliance with Cromwell to any sort of consequence; in himself he had neither fortune to command, nor a mind to force the attention of mankind, being a very weak, enthusiastic fanatic. He was executed at Charing-cros, October 16, 1660. In the Cromwell Memoirs a more particular account is given of him."

Rev. Mark Noble in his "Lives of the English Regicides, etc.," 1798, gives his royalist views of the character and attributes of the members of the "High Court of Justice," who condemned Charles I for "high treason against the people." To offset the biased remarks of Rev. Mark Noble and give a clearer picture of the times, we think

it fitting to give the following excerpt from Winston's Encyclopedia's account of Charles I, King of England, Scotland and Ireland (1600-1649):

". . . .In 1628 the King was obliged to call a third parliament, which showed itself as much opposed to arbitrary measures as its predecessor, and after voting the supplies (demanded by the King) prepared the "Petition of Right." which Charles was constrained to pass into a law. But the determined spirit with which the parliament resisted the king's claim to levy tonnage and poundage on his own authority led to a rupture, and Charles again dissolved the parliament, resolving to try and reign without one. In this endeavor he was supported by Strafford and Laud as his chief counselors. With their help Charles continued eleven years without summoning a parliament, using the arbitrary courts of High Commission and Star-chamber as a kind of cover for pure absolutism, and raising money by unconstitutional or doubtful means. In 1637 John Hampden began his career of resistance to the king's arbitrary measures by refusing to pay ship-money, the right to levy which, without authority of parliament, he was determined to bring before a court of law. His cause was argued for twelve days in the Court of Exchequer; and although he lost it by the decision of eight of the judges out of twelve, the discussion of the question produced a very powerful impression on the public mind. It was in Scotland, however, that formal warlike opposition was destined to commence. The attempts of Charles to introduce an Anglican liturgy into that country produced violent tumults, and gave origin to the famous "Covenant" of 1638, to oppose the king's design. An English army was sent north, but was defeated by the army of the Covenanters, and in 1640 a parliament was again summoned, which proved to be the famous Long Parliament. An account of the struggle between king and parliament, the trial and execution of Strafford and Laud, etc., cannot here be given, but the result was that both king and parliament made preparations for war. The king had on his side the great bulk of the gentry, while nearly all the Puritans and the inhabitants of the great trading towns sided with the parliament. The first action, the battle

of Edgehill (23d Oct., 1642), gave the king a slight advantage; but nothing very decisive happened till the battle of Marston Moor, in 1644, where Cromwell routed the royalists. The loss of the battle of Nasby, the year following, completed the ruin of the king's cause. Charles at length gave himself up to the Scottish army at Newark (5th May, 1646). After some negotiations he was surrendered to the commissioners of the parliament. The extreme sect of the Independents largely represented in the army and headed by Cromwell, now got the upper hand, and, coercing the parliament and the more hesitating of the Presbyterians, brought Charles to trial for high treason against the people, and had sentence of death pronounced upon him. All interposition being vain, he was beheaded before the Banqueting House, Whitehall, on 30th Jan., 1649, meeting his fate with great dignity and composure. Charles had many good qualities. Possessed of a highly-cultivated mind, with a fine judgment in arts and letters, he was also temperate, chaste, and religious, and, although somewhat cold in his demeanor, kind and affectionate. Nor was talent wanting to him. But these merits were counterbalanced and all but neutralized by a want of self-reliance and a habit of vacillation, which in his position had the effect of insincerity. Coupled with this was a temperament which would not brook control and tended to absolutism."

After the execution of King Charles I, Oliver Cromwell became Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England. When he died his son Richard took his place for a short time. Richard Cromwell lacked his father's genius; there were quarrels between the army officers and parliament; and the people began to show signs of uneasiness and a desire for a change. General Monk, who had been on the side of the Commonwealth, now began to campaign openly for the restoration of the monarchy.

Oliver Cromwell died in 1658, and his shadow, falling on his kinsmen and those who had been associated with him, was growing darker every day that brought the restoration of the monarchy closer. The wife of Colonel

John Jones was a sister of Cromwell's. *Elizabeth Cromwell Hampden was the aunt of both Oliver Cromwell and Whalley, the regicide. Goffe was the son-in-law of Whalley. The children of Colonel Adrian Scrope, through their mother's Hampden connections, bore kinship to Oliver Cromwell. It is not surprising that some of these "birds of a feather," seeing which way the wind was blowing, decided that the season had come to migrate to America.

CHAPTER XI

The Voyage of "The Prudent Mary" May 4th to July 27th, 1660

When "The Prudent Mary" weighed anchor at Gravesend, England, on May 4, 1660, she had among her passengers not only the escaping regicides Whalley and Goffe, but also William Jones (son of Col. John Jones, the regicide) and his wife Hannah (Eaton) Jones, daughter of Theophilus Eaton, former Governor of the New Haven Colony.

The Prudent Mary's passengers disembarked at Boston on July 27, 1660, bringing with them the news that the monarchy had been restored. The full significance of this did not begin to make itself felt until a later boat

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*Catherine Henrietta Cromwell, eldest sister of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, daughter of Robert Cromwell, M. P., and Elizabeth Steward, was born at the family residence near Huntingdon on the Ouse, February 7, 1596-7. She married (first) Col. Whitstone, a parliamentary officer, and for her second husband, Col. John Jones, in 1623. She, beside being first cousin to John Hampden and Edward Whalley, was aunt by marriage to Gen. Goffe and Col. Ireton.

William Jones (son of Col. John Jones and Catherine H. Cromwell) born in 1624, came to the New Haven Colony in 1660.—(History of the Descendants of Elder John Strong of Northampton, Mass., by Benjamin W. Dwight, page 161.)

brought word that the House of Lords, on May 18, 1660, had issued an order for the seizure of Whalley and Goffe. This order was followed by a demand that they surrender themselves; then came their exception from pardon, the announcement of a reward for their capture and an order to the Colonies for their arrest.

These two gentlemen had been staying in and near Boston and Cambridge, but with the arrival of such ominous information from England, they started for the New Haven Colony, passing through Hartford, and arrived at the home of Rev. John Davenport on March 7, 1661, where they were hidden for almost eight weeks. Rev. Davenport, whose word was law with the New Haven colonists, very appropriately at this time, chose as the text for one of his sermons: "Hide the outcasts; betray not him that wandereth; let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler."

On April 30th the Judges moved across the road to the home of William Jones, and on May 11th they moved to a mill two miles from town. Then William Jones and two companions helped them conceal themselves at Hatchet Harbor, while the cave subsequently known as "Judges' Cave" was being prepared for them.

Rev. Davenport and William Jones did a very brave and dangerous thing in protecting and helping Whalley and Goffe as they did. If they had been "caught at it," the penalty would very probably have been death. The fact that William Jones was himself the son of a regicide had probably escaped the attention of those who were bent on avenging the death of Charles I. There were many Joneses even in those days, and, furthermore, he was the son-in-law of former Governor Theophilus Eaton, "so fam'd, so wise, so just." All accounts of the regicide judges Whalley and Goffe say that they were ready at any time to surrender themselves rather than jeopardize the safety of any of the colonists.

In 1661 the King's "bloodhounds" settled down to a long, steady and relentless pursuit of the two judges, and the story of the clever delays, evasions, innocence and ignorance practiced by the colonists is a most interesting one. Naturally, their lives were filled with great hardship and anxiety, although it has been said they had generous financial aid. Richard Saltonstall, a distant cousin-in-law of Col. Adrian Scrope, left them fifty pounds when he returned to England. Many tales are told of how they narrowly escaped capture, of their hiding in attics, cellars and in their cave, and of some of their adventures among the colonists. Two of the best known anecdotes about them are the ones quoted here from The Narragansett Historical Register for July, 1889, Vol. VII, p. 237:

"It was in the town of Coventry that two of the celebrated regicides of Charles I took up their permanent abode, after living in various places in New England. They were two of Oliver Cromwell's ablest generals in the Revolution in England, which dethroned and then beheaded Charles I, King of England. Their names were Goffe and Whalley, reputed to be the best swordsmen in Europe. During King Phillip's War, one Sunday in Hadley, Massachusetts, when the people were all in church, the Indians attacked the town and seemed to be getting the best of it, when of a sudden a stranger appeared among the colonists and took command, and by his bravery and superior management soon drove off the Indians. As soon as this victory was gained, the stranger disappeared as suddenly as he had come. The people thought an angel had been sent from Heaven to deliver them from the savages. It was either Goffe or Whalley who was secreted with some of the neighbors there."

"At another time, a 'tinker,' with a cheese under his arm and a kettle of blacking in his hand, stopped at a tavern in Massachusetts where a French fencing master was teaching the art of fencing. He was challenging anyone to fence with him and several did so and were soon disarmed. Presently, the 'tinker,' with his swabstick and his cheese under his arm, took the floor and

said he would try him. Of course the fencing master was disdainful of such an opponent as the 'tinker,' but he thought he would make sport for the watchers at the 'tinker's' expense, and consented to try him. They went at it, but with all his skill he could not touch the 'tinker.' Presently the 'tinker' caught the fencing master's sword in his cheese and blacked one of his cheeks with the swab-stick, and the laugh turned on him instead of the 'tinker.' He exerted himself to the utmost, but in the next minute the 'tinker' blacked his other cheek. The fencing master was now in a rage and threatened to kill him, but the 'tinker' said coolly: 'Don't you attempt that; if you do, you are a dead man.' The fencing master dropped his sword and said: 'You are either Goffe, Whalley, or the Devil, for there are no others in the world that can fence with me.' He was right, for it was one of these men, in the disguise of a tinker."

In an old history of Hadley, Massachusetts, by Sylvester Judd (Chapter XIX, page 214), is quoted an account of Whalley and Goffe by Gov. Thomas Hutchinson. He had Goffe's Journal, but, as he was a Tory, his house was rifled by a mob (1765) and the journal and other papers relating to the judges are supposed to have been destroyed.

The descendants of George Addison Throop and Deborah Goldsmith Throop will be interested in this quotation from Gov. Hutchinson's account:

"After the second year, Goffe writes to his wife (whom he had left in England) by the name of Walter Goldsmith, and she of Frances Goldsmith; and the correspondence is carried on as between a mother and son. There is too much religion in their letters for the taste of the present day; but the distresses of two persons, under these peculiar circumstances, who appear to have lived very happily together, are very strongly described."

CHAPTER XII

The Prophecy of the Regicides

And what of the fledglings of that flock of "Birds of a Feather" who were trying to escape the unpleasant weather over England? Had they been caught they could have been caged and made to sing of what they knew. They might have been accused of joining in plots to overthrow the monarchy, or suspected of communicating with those regicides who had escaped to the Continent and America. Worse yet, had they been caught after having escaped to America, they undoubtedly would have been sent back to England in chains and thrown into prison for having left the country without permission. It would have been highly dangerous for a son of the regicide Adrian Scrope to have let it be known that he was in America, or to have had about his person anything that would identify him. That is, I believe, the explanation for the existence of a family "tradition" rather than a definite statement of fact.

Mr. Walter S. Finley of Cleveland, Ohio, writing in Volume 22 of Americana, says:

> "The Scroope tradition is based on an old family record of a daughter of Rev. Benjamin Throop, who was the third son of William, whose father, 'Lord Scroope of Scotland, in one of the Scotch Rebellions,' fled to America and assumed the name Throop. Endeavoring to verify this statement, Winchester Fitch, genealogist of the Throop family, ascertained that the Republican officials of the Commonwealth were called 'Lord' as a title of courtesy. . . . . When Charles II ascended the throne of England he demanded the execution of the judges who had condemned his royal father. As an unrepentant regicide the elder Scroope was excepted out of the act of indemnity and executed at Charing Cross, London, in 1660. The son escaped

to America **in the same year,** settling at Hartford where it appears he was first known by his proper name, but later assumed the alias William Throop because of the further safety it afforded."

Hartford lies about thirty-eight or forty miles north of New Haven. Whalley and Goffe must have passed through it many times in their peregrinations during those hunted years. They would have been aware, surely, of the presence there of the son of Colonel Adrian Scrope, and would have known how and when he came and the circumstances of his life there.

This is the 17th day of October, 1942, the 282nd anniversary of the martyrdom of the regicide judges at Charing Cross; and as I read again the account of their execution as told in Lingard's History of England, my attention is called to some passages which today stand out in bold relief as they never have before. Lingard says that on the scaffold the condemned regicides said that their martyrdom would be the most glorious spectacle which the world had ever witnessed since the death of Christ.

"But let the prosecutors tremble; the hand of the Lord was already raised to avenge their innocent blood; and in a short time the cause of royalty would crouch before that of independence."

They uttered the prediction with the confidence of prophets, and submitted to their fate with the constancy of martyrs. In a note to the above at the foot of the page, it is said.

"And the prediction was believed. From the Diary of Whalley, Goffe and Dixwell, it appears that they looked on the execution of the regicides as the slaying of the witnesses foretold in the Book of Revelation*, and that the prediction of a revolution in their favour was to be fulfilled in the mysterious year 1666. The

*See Chapter XI, Book of Revelation.

year passed, and their hopes were disappointed; but they consoled themselves with the persuasion that there was an error in the date of the Christian era, and that the accomplishment of the prophecy would speedily arrive."

The son of Col. Adrian Scrope would have believed this prophecy and would have wanted to be known by his own rightful name when that glad day arrived. He knew of the custom in England of periodic "visitations" to place oneself, one's status and one's rights on record.

On page 42, Vol. IV, of James Savage's "Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England," appears the following:

> "Scroop, Adrian, Hartford, witness to execution of a deed of 31 Mar. 1665, and again 8 May 1667, signed as witness, his name, in a very elegant hand, to deed of Simon Wolcott to Richard Loud of three parcels of land, which was put on record three days after, yet no more is ever told of him. Curiosity to a high pitch naturally is felt on two points in this case, when did he come to our country, and what did he do after signing this rare name? One Adrian Scrope we know had been executed in London, 17 Oct. 1660, for having sat on the pretended trial of King Charles I and signed the warrant for his death. In Noble's Regicides the report of his trial is very full, much more than of the others. Strong probability from union of such given name and surname arises that this man was son or near relative of the regicide."

The signature mentioned above appears in the "Hartford Book of Possessions," p. 583, and is reproduced by Winchester Fitch in his article on "The Throope Family and the Scrope Tradition."

His signing of the deed as a witness in 1665 may have been his modest attempt at a "visitation" to put himself on record. When the prophecy failed to come true in 1666, he probably felt, as did the fugitive judges Whalley and Goffe, that there had been a mistake in the date of

the Christian era; so early in 1667 he made another record of his name in Hartford. This does not necessarily mean that he was living there at that time; he might have made a special trip—another "visitation"—for that very purpose.

On May 4, 1666, at Barnstable, Massachusetts, William Throope married Mary Chapman, and lived in Barnstable until 1680, when he moved his family overland by ox-cart to Bristol (now in Rhode Island).

In 1670 his first son was born. The New England colonists cherished the idea that they were children of Israel, and, as if to identify him with the tribe of the judges, William Throope named his little boy "Dan" (Hebrew for judge), and the name "Dan" has been handed down from generation to generation in the Throop family.

Winchester Fitch in his article on The Throope Family and the Scrope Tradition quotes Genesis 49, verses 16 to 19, and expresses the belief that they may possibly contain a cipher to the Scrope tradition. If we read them in connection with the prophecy of the regicide judges, they do seem to take on significance. The fateful year 1666 having passed without fulfilling the prophecy of the judges, all the disappointed exiles may have included verse 18 in their prayers.

> 16 Dan shall judge his people, as one of the tribes of Israel.
>
> 17 Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider shall fall backward.
>
> 18 I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord.
>
> 19. Gad, a troop shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at the last.

Verse 19 is Jacob's blessing and prophecy to his seventh son, Gad.

Assuming the interesting hypothesis that William Throope had these verses in mind when he named his son "Dan," it might be that he identified Dan with the judges and hoped that he would prove to be "a serpent

by the way, an adder in the path" of royalty. As for himself, he was Gad, whose identity as "Scroope" was overcome by the name "Throope."

The signature affixed to the deeds at Hartford is an interesting one, bold and dashing, and as Savage says, "elegant." There may be some significance in the fact that the names Scroope and Throope are so similar—the last five letters are the same. If a handwriting expert could have before him the signature of Adrian Scroope, as shown in the Hartford Book of Possessions, and that of William Throope (if a signature of William Throope[1] is anywhere to be had), he would be able to see any points of similarity that might exist.

63-64

EPILOGUE

THE ANCESTRY OF ADRIAN SCROPE

The following chronological outline of the ancestry of ADRIAN SCROPE (who, tradition says, was our ancestor) was prepared as a memorial to——

NEWTON ADAMS THROOP[6] (1835-1912)

(Azel[5], Benjamin[4], Dan II[3], Dan I[2], and William[1])

Mr. Throop spent many hours in various libraries gathering what information he could find about the Scrope and Throop families, and, in a delightfully legible hand, wrote his findings in a little brown leather note book which has been carefully preserved by his children.

1. HENRY LE SCROPE
2. WILLIAM LE SCROPE

} Both buried at St. Agatha's Abbey (Easby) in Wensleydale, Yorkshire.

3. SIR WILLIAM LE SCROPE, KNIGHT; held manor of West Bolton in Yorkshire in 1286. He was Bailiff of Richmond in 1294. He married Constance, daughter and heir of Thomas, son of Gillo, of Neusam Upon Tees. He was living in 1303. He was said to have been the best knight in the county at jousts and tournaments.

4. SIR HENRY LE SCROPE, KNIGHT-BANNERET; served as Judge and Chief Justice of Common Pleas, Chief Justice of the King's Bench and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, between 1308 and 1333. He married Margaret, daughter of Lord Roos of Kendal. He died about 1336 and is buried at St. Agatha's Abbey.

5. SIR RICHARD LE SCROPE, FIRST BARON OF BOLTON by writ; born about 1328. Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal. He was the builder of Bolton Castle. He married Blanche De Norwich (some authorities say Blanche De La Pole). He died in 1403 and is buried at St. Agatha's Abbey.

6. SIR ROGER LE SCROPE, SECOND BARON; born about 1348. He married Margaret, daughter of Robert, Third Baron Tiptoft or Tibetot. He was summoned to Parliament during the reign of Henry IV. He died in 1403, just six months after his father's death.

7. SIR RICHARD LE SCROPE, THIRD BARON, born May 31, 1393; married Margaret, daughter of Ralph De Nevill, First Earl of Westmoreland, and his first wife. He died in 1420.

8. SIR HENRY LE SCROPE, FOURTH BARON; born June 4, 1418. He was in the Council of Henry VI and in Parliament. He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Le Scrope, Fourth Baron of Masham and Upsal. He died in 1459.

9. SIR JOHN LE SCROPE, FIFTH BARON; born July 22, 1435; was member of the King's Council under Richard III. He married Joan, daughter of William, Baron Fitz Hugh. He died August 17, 1498.

10. SIR HENRY LE SCROPE, SIXTH BARON; born about 1468; married as his first wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Percy, Third Earl of Northumberland. He died in 1506. Their second son was:

11. JOHN SCROPE of Spennithorne, Yorkshire, and of Hambledon, Buckinghamshire; born about 1498. He married Phillis, daughter of Ralph Rokeby of Mortham. He died between 1544 and 1547. One of their younger sons was:

12. ADRIAN SCROPE, ancestor of Scrope of Wormsley, Oxon.

13. ROBERT SCROPE, Esq., of Wormsley, Oxon.; baptized, 1569; Justice of the Peace; married Margaret, daughter of Richard Cornwall of London, a merchant.

14. **COLONEL ADRIAN SCROPE**, born January 12, 1600-01. He married in 1624 Mary Waller, daughter of Robert Waller of Beaconsfield, sister of Edmund Waller, the poet. He fought in the Parliamentary Army and was a member of the High Court of Justice that tried and sentenced Charles I. Colonel Scrope was executed at Charing Cross, London, October 17, 1660.

According to the family tradition, one of the younger sons —perhaps Adrian, Jr.—fled to America and changed his name to:

15. WILLIAM THROOPE, born 1637 (in England?), married Mary Chapman, daughter of Ralph Chapman and Lydia Wells May 4, 1666. He died in 1704.

THE BARONY OF BOLTON

The Barony of Bolton became extinct in 1630 upon the death of Emanuel, Eleventh Baron, but between his time and that of the Sixth Baron there were these four Barons Scrope of Bolton:

Sir Henry, Seventh Baron, Knight of the Bath at the time of Henry VIII.

Sir John, Eighth Baron, who died in 1549.

Sir Henry, Ninth Baron, born in 1534. He was one of Queen Elizabeth's chief advisers. He was Warden of the West Marches and Governor of Carlisle during her reign, and he was the Lord Scrope who had for a time the custody of Mary, Queen of Scots. He died in 1591.

Sir Thomas Scrope, Tenth Baron, also Warden of the West Marches. He is the "Keen Lord Scrope" in Sir Walter Scott's old ballad about Kinmont Willie. Once more I am going to take you into the pages of that fascinating book of Arthur Norway's "Highways and Byways of Yorkshire." He is standing on the battlements of Bolton Castle, and as he sees——

> "all the vast extent of the ancient castle before me, with the green hills rising rough and broken on the one hand, and on the other the river winding sweetly up the long dale, there come back upon my memory all those border exploits which are credited to the lords who were so often wardens of the western marches. 'Keen Lord Scrope's to the hunting gone,' and noble hunting he must have had among the border reivers, the most lusty and audacious thieves of which English history has knowledge."

> "Oh have ye na hearde o' the fause Sakelde,
> O have ye na hearde o' the keen Lord Scrope?
> How they have ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
> On Haribee to hang him up?"

Sakelde broke the truce which existed between Scotland and England when he took Kinmont Willie (that's why he

was called "fause"), but he was such an important catch that they locked him up in the dungeon of Carlisle Castle, awaiting the decision of the Queen and the Council as to what was to be done with him. Thirty Scotsmen "resolved to have him out," and have him out they did, and "scarce had won the Staneshaw bank," when——

"A' the Carlisle bells were rung
And a thousand men on horse and foot,
Cam with the keen Lord Scrope along."

But the Scotsmen, including Kinmont Willie, swam Eden Water, "even where it flowed from bank to brim," leaving the Englishmen gaping with astonishment on the bank. The ballad closes with these two verses:

"All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as a rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When thro the water they had gane.

'He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wad na have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie.' "

Sir Thomas, "Keen Lord Scrope," died in 1609.

The last of the Barons of Bolton was Sir Emanuel Scrope, Eleventh Baron of Bolton, and also Earl of Sunderland. He left no sons to inherit the title, so the Barony became extinct at his death. He left his properties to be divided among his three natural daughters. The youngest daughter was Annabella. She married John Howe, second son of Sir John Howe of Compton in the County of Gloucester, and was legitimatized by Parliament in 1663. Among the descendants of Annabella and John Howe were General Howe and Admiral Howe, who figured in the Revolutionary War.

Following the transcript of the testimony at the trial of Adrian Scrope, Rev. Noble tells of Sir Gervaise Scrope, who lay for several days and nights on the battlefield of Edgehill until rescued by his son. In a book called "Epitaphia," by Earnest R. Suffling, I found a quaint obituary written for himself by one Gervaise Scrope. I think, however, that he was too young to have been the son of the Sir Gervaise who was rescued from the battlefield, as he would have been only ten years old when Charles I was executed. However, it is rather amusing, so I will copy it here:

CAPTAIN GERVAISE SCROPE - 1705

St. Michael's Coventry

Here lies the bodye of Captain Gervaise Scrope of the family of the Scropes of Bolton in the County of York, who departed this life the 26 day of August Anno Dom^{i} 1705 aged 66.

An epitaph written by himself in the agony & dolorous paines of the goute & dyed soon after.

Here lies an old tossed Tennis ball
Was Racketted from Spring to Fall,
With so much Heat & so much Haste
Time's arm, for shame, got tired at last.

Four kings in camps he truly served,
And from his loyalty ne'er swerved;
Father ruined, the Son slighted,
And from the Crown ne'er requited.

Loss of Estates, Relations, Blood,
Was too well known, but did no good,
With long campaigns, & pains of th' gout,
He could no longer hold it out.

Always a restless life he led,
Ne'er at quiet, until quite dead.
He married in his later days,
One who exceeds the common praise.

But wanting breath still to make known
Her true affection & his own,
Death kindly came, all wants supplied,
By giving rest which life denied.

More than once I have come across two Lady Scropes who are mentioned in history and literature. One of them, I feel sure, was the wife of Sir Henry Scrope, Ninth Baron of Bolton. She was one of the ladies-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth. When Elizabeth breathed her last, Lady Scrope dropped into the hand of her brother, Robert Carey, waiting beneath the window, the ring which was to be a signal to James of Scotland that the queen was dead; and Robert Carey galloped off for Scotland as fast as he could go.

The other Lady Scrope I want to mention briefly is referred to in Sir John Evelyn's Diary. He calls her "my Lady Scrope, the great witte." She was famous for doing things that were quite startling, and making sharp speeches. She was the widow of Sir Adrian Scroope, whom I have not located, and the daughter of Sir Robert Carr of Lincolnshire. I do not believe that her later years were very happy ones; she was an ardent Papist when they were anything but popular.

I am going to end this story of the Scrope Family on a gay, cheerful and untroubled note, by telling about one Scrope who had, apparently, nothing to trouble him—neither politics, lack of money nor gout. He was William Scrope, born in 1772, said to have been a direct descendant of Richard, the First Baron. His father, the Rev. Richard Scrope, D. D., seems to have inherited the estates of several branches of the Scrope family, and in 1793 the "Cockerington estates, in Lincolnshire, which had been in possession of another branch of the family descended from Adrian Scrope, the regicide," came into William's possession.

I found this William Scrope in a most delightful book—Volume II of "Kings of the Rod, Rifle & Gun," by "Thor-

manby." He was a very close friend of Sir Walter Scott. There are several references to Scrope in Sir Walter's diary:

> "Saw Cadell as I returned from the Court. He seemed dejected and gloomy about the extent of stock of novels, etc., on hand. He infected me with his want of spirits, and I almost wish my wife had not asked Mr. Scrope and Charles K. Sharpe for this day. But the former sent such loads of game that Lady Scott's gratitude became ungovernable."

Thormanby goes on to say that he has no doubt but that before dinner was over, Sir Walter had ceased to regret that his guests had been invited, for if there were any two men in the world whose society was calculated to drive dull care away, they were William Scrope and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

William Scrope painted pictures and wrote several books, and Thormanby says: "When his (Scrope's) fancy took him to write a book, he could have it produced in the most sumptuous of bindings, illustrated by the most celebrated of artists, with supreme indifference as to whether he lost or gained by the production."

I gather that Thormanby had a much higher opinion of Scrope's ability as a writer than he did of his talent as an artist (which was another of Scrope's hobbies); but he gives you a picture of a delightful and charming man, full of fun and humor—even at times enjoying a joke on himself, as in the case of his encounter with a Scotchman who refused to be impressed by the size of the trout Scrope had caught; and no wonder, for, after aggravating Scrope to the point where he said he didn't believe the Scotchman had ever caught so large a fish in all his life, —but this is Scrope's story, so we will use his words:

> "Twisting round a coarse linen bag which was slung at his back (Sandy, the Scotchman's), and which I had supposed to contain some common lumber, he drew

forth by the tail a never-ending monster of a salmon, dazzling and lusty to the view; and then a second, fit consort to the first. Could you believe it? One proved to be fifteen pounds, and the other twelve! At the sudden appearance of these whales I was shivered to atoms; dumbfoundered I was, like the Laird of Cockpen, when Mrs. Jean refused the honour of his hand. I felt as small as Flimnap the treasurer in the presence of Gulliver. Little did I say; but that little, I hope, was becoming a youth in my situation."

I am sorry that I have not been able to find out more about the immediate family of Colonel Adrian Scrope, the regicide. Perhaps, after the war, some member of the family will volunteer to go to England and undertake some research.

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ADDENDA

(To be pasted in your copy of "The Family Tradition" 1943)

The Letter and Photograph Herewith Were Received From Evelyn Fish Knudson February 15, 1953, and Are Printed Because of the Important Information re "The Family Tradition," for Insertion as a Supplement to the Book Printed in 1943

William Throop and Adrian Scrope

The Family Tradition

RESEARCH AND NARRATIVE

BY

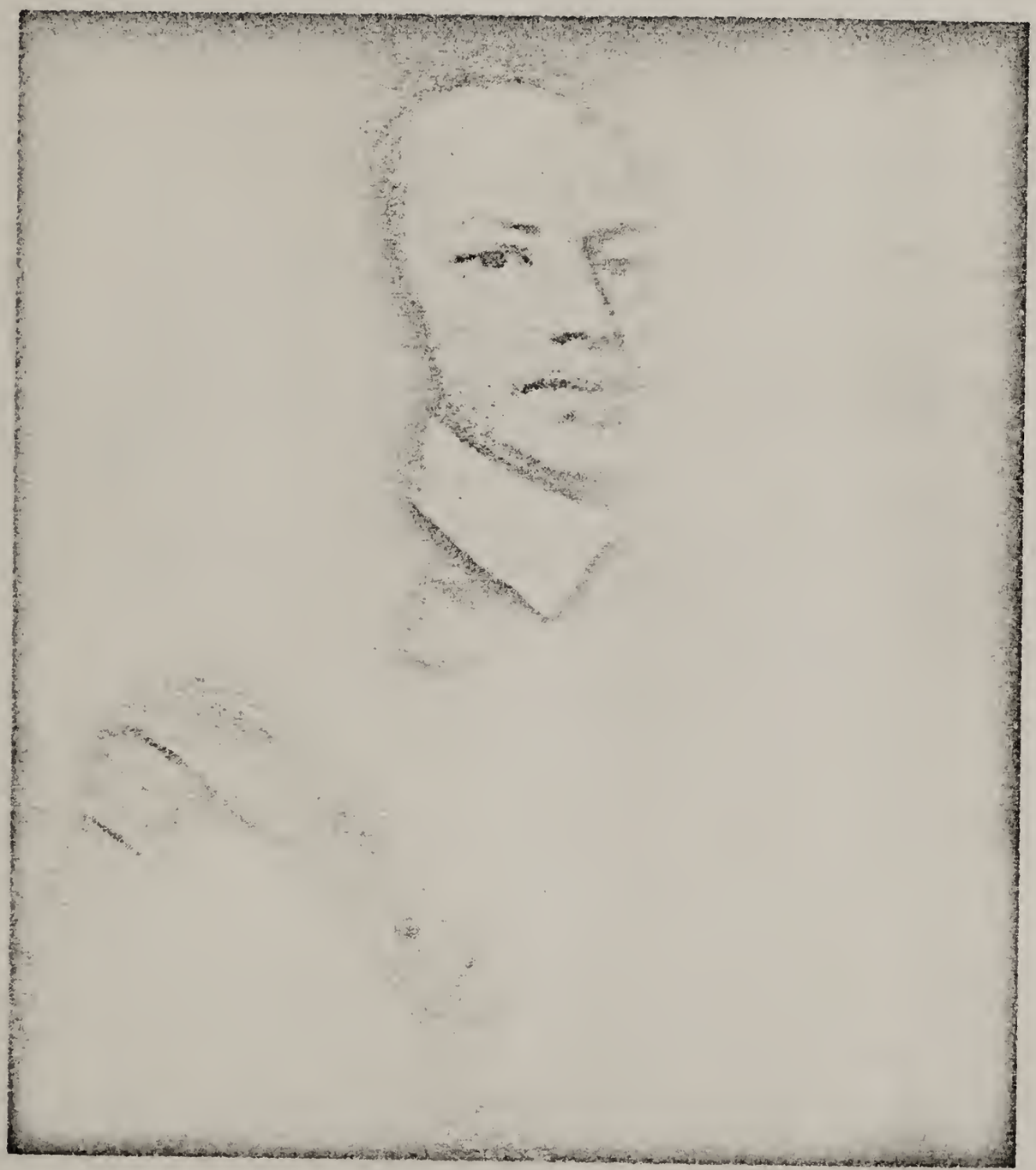
EVELYN FISH KNUDSON

Privately Printed, 1943

BY

ADDISON JAMES THROOP[8] AND DAN ADDISON THROOP[9]

ADDENDA



COLONEL ADRIAN SCROPE

Painted in 1649

Picture by courtesy of
H. Bryce Thomson, A. R. P. S., M. S. P.

The Tradition Merges Into History

2642 South Shore Drive
Milwaukee 7, Wisconsin
February 14, 1953

Dear Cousin Addison:

You don't know how happy I am, or what a satisfaction it is, to be able to send you this picture of the gentleman whose politics and misfortunes are responsible for the Throop Family Tradition.

I had no idea that there was a portrait of him in existence until Mr. Fred Lawson (the artist who lives in the little village of Castle Bolton, at the foot of the old castle) wrote me that he had seen one at Danby Hall, the home of Richard Scrope, Esq., near Leyburn, Yorkshire; and that he was sure they would not mind his taking a photographer friend of his over to get a picture of it. The Scropes were very gracious and told them to come over any time. So Mr. Lawson and Mr. H. Bryce Thomson, A. R. P. S., M. S. P., went over to Denby Hall and got the picture of the portrait of Colonel Adrian Scrope.

This portrait was painted in 1649, while Oliver Cromwell and his officers were riding the crest of the wave. I have seen many pictures of Cromwell which show him wearing the same kind of armor, the same little white collar, and the same arrangement of his hair, as worn by Colonel Scrope.

I wrote a letter of appreciation to Mr. Scrope and told him about the family tradition and the mysterious signature "Adrian Scroope" which appears in Mr. Fitch's article and is preserved in the Hartford Book of Possessions. In reply he wrote me a very interesting and friendly letter, wherein he says: "In my view, your surmise of children of the regicide or even of their mother's having emigrated to America is quite likely, as after the restoration his family could scarcely have been *persona*

grata in England. The senior branches of the family fought for the King and were Catholics, as we are to this day."

He says that "Adrian" was a favorite name in the Cockerington branch of the Scrope family; and he goes on to say: "You can imagine the bitter feeling which existed with the junior branch at Wormsley, with its head (Adrian, the regicide) leading the Parliamentary cavalry."

He clears up for me the identity of the *Sir* Adrian Scrope who was the husband of the lady called by Sir John Evelyn "My Lady Scrope, the great witte." This *Sir* Adrian was the son of Sir Gervaise Scrope, who was left for dead on the battlefield at Edgehill. (See end of quotation from "Noble's Lives of the Regicides," p. 49-50 of our book on the tradition.) Mr. Richard Scrope says that this *Sir* Adrian was a supporter of the King and was made a K. B. at the restoration.

As the restoration took place in 1660, and Sir Adrian was a Royalist and a Catholic and a Knight of the Bath, it is, to my way of thinking, highly improbable that he was over here and signed as a witness to a deed in 1665 and again in 1667. Sir Adrian died in 1667.

As far as I have been able to discover, there was no other Adrian Scrope who could have done it, and I think we can safely rule him out. Which still leaves nothing to refute the supposition that the regicide might have had a son named Adrian, who fled to this country about the time of his father's execution.

In Vol. I of "Cavaliers & Pioneers"—Abstracts of Virginia Land Patents and Grants 1623-1800, by Nell Marion Nugent, page 453, I discovered an item to the effect that in 1664 a group of eight persons were transported to the lands of Col. Edmund Scarburgh in Accomac County, Virginia, evidently to settle, and among them was a *"Mary Scrope."* You will recall that the wife of Col. Adrian Scrope was related to many of the officers of the Commonwealth and even to Cromwell, himself. There was quite a bit of "circumstantial evidence" that would lead one to guess that this Mary Scrope might have

been Mary Waller Scrope, wife of Col. Adrian. I have several sources I want to investigate to see if I can find out more about this group of eight, as they might very well have been Cromwell sympathizers who wanted to get away from England after the restoration.

Col. Scrope was a very handsome man, wasn't he? Surely, this is a man of nobility and integrity of character. Do you recall what was said of him in Noble's "Lives of the Regicides?" "His port and mien were noble, and the endowment of his mind every way admirable." My own feeling is that he was convinced that he was only doing his duty when he sat in judgment on a king whose word could not be trusted, who kept the country in a continual turmoil, and who in every way was unscrupulous and tyrannical.

The commissioners discussed and considered three proposals for dealing with the king, viz.:

1. To restore him under very severe restrictions.
2. To try, condemn and depose him, but to spare his life and detain him in custody.
3. To put him to death.

To the first it was objected that they never had been able to trust him, and that at the very first opportunity he would trick them again.

To the second, it was objected that so long as he lived he would be the center of perpetual plots, feuds and miseries.

The third method would show to kings and nations that kings had a responsibility toward their subjects, and that treason in kings toward their subjects was just as punishable as treason of subjects to kings.

The above is a digest of what is said on the subject in Cassell's Illustrated History of England (published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin: London, Paris and New York) Vol. III, pages 304-305.

The king's judges did not act with any feelings of vindictiveness or in the heat of anger in sentencing the king. They deliberated seriously and carefully, and then decided that:

> "if the death was due, no fear of inconvenience should suffer them to shrink from demanding it; that if they believed another form of government, or the election of another king, was more deserving of support, it became them, as brave men and Englishmen, to defend and maintain that position at all hazards. This was the conclusion at which they arrived, and the act of the whole people in 1688* confirmed the propriety of their decision to all posterity." (Page 305 Cassell's Illustrated history of England, Vol. III.)

So far we may not have found the "incontrovertible proof" of the family tradition, but I think the trail is growing wider, don't you?

I know you join with me in deep appreciation to those good people in Yorkshire whose cooperation made it possible for us to have this excellent picture of Col. Adrian Scrope.

Sincerely your cousin,

EVELYN.

*Referring to the getting rid of James II in 1688.

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